

Interview: 'The Man Who Turned on the World'

High Times

Winter '75

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Dope Superlawyers
The Night They Raided Crosby's
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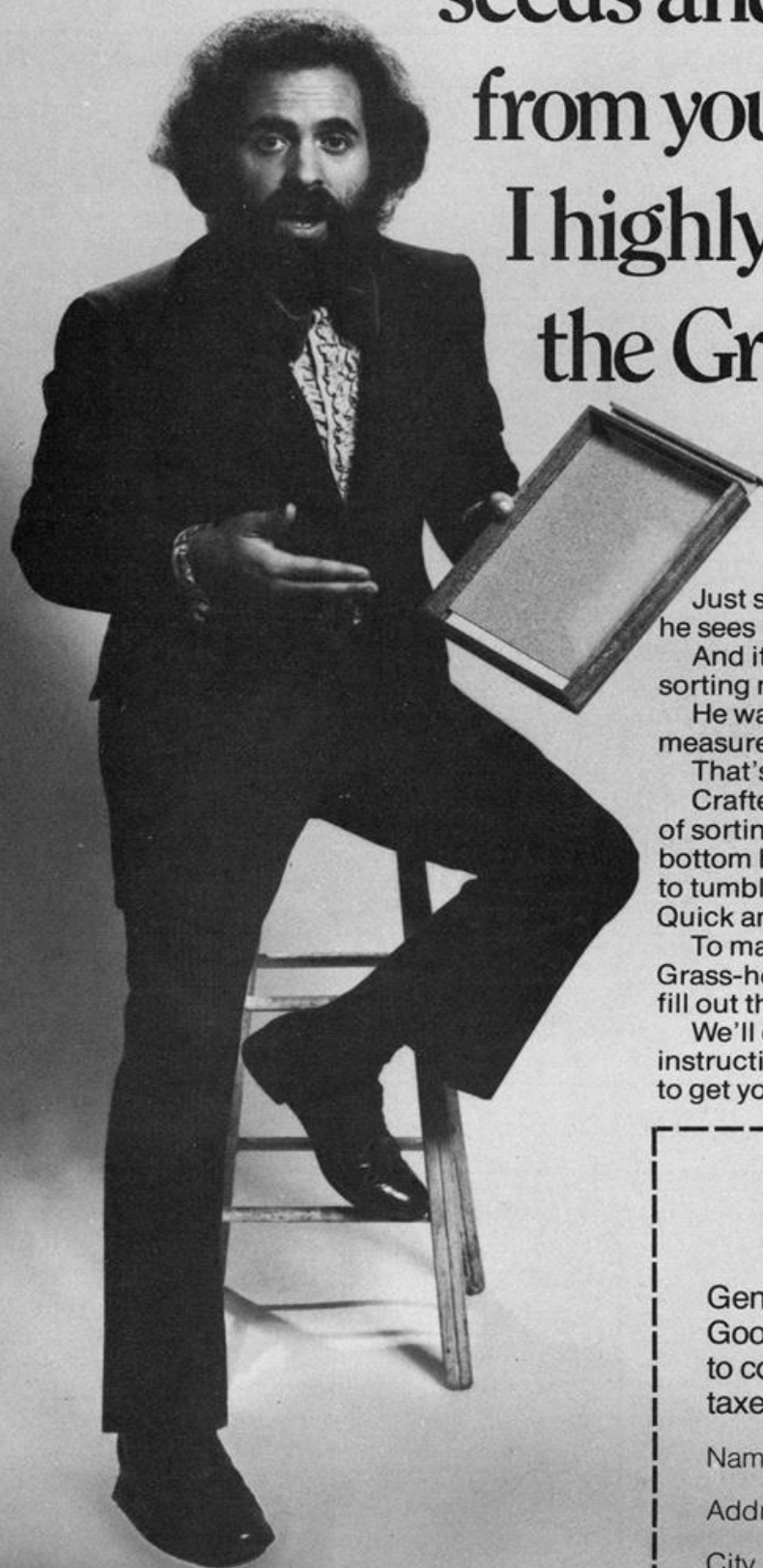


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Cover by Fred Marcellino

High Times

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AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

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Flashes

Hash shortage. Colombian pot shortage. Coke shortage. Coke spoon shortage. Inflation, recession, hard times and the onset of the Second Depression. Pot Prohibition continues and once again the smugglers are arrayed against the Feds, the Drug Enforcement Agency is the new Untouchables and dope networks are beginning to resemble a new, hippie mafia. LSD sunshine instead of moonshine, pot instead of beer, cocaine instead of scotch, the raids continue and the "drug war" drags on.

The latest: the Florida coast Pot Blockade, whether real or phony, has wreaked total havoc in the East Coast pot market as a severe shortage of top-shelf Colombian reefer has disrupted normal channels of distribution and virtually destroyed the lucrative Florida marijuana trade. The big question is: How long is this going to continue? The answer seems to be: not long. Although pot smugglers have been temporarily wary, a true assessment indicates that not even the Navy, Air Force, Coast Guard, National Guard and so on can squelch the deluge of reefer flooding the U.S. and everywhere. Like booze in the '20s, loitering in the '30s, and communism in the '40s, pot is illegal in the '70s but everybody's doing it.

Not only is pot a fully established part of modern living, it is also an essential segment of our national economy. With 6 million unemployed, profits floundering, and stockbrokers leaping out of skyscrapers, practically the only hope sustaining the economy is the brisk business of getting high, and the only thing holding up the Dow Jones Industrial average is the sound of purposeful sniffing on Wall Street every morning. The worse it gets, the more people want to get high, and the only gold bricks that are a sure bet are those reefer bricks: the price always goes up, and if not you can always roll up and smoke it.

A few simple calculations based on the government's own figures suggest the vast scope of this modern, successful industry. If there are 20,000,000 regular marijuana smokers, and each smokes just one modest ounce of boo per month, that means a weekly consumption of over 160,000 pounds of pot! Analyzing a typical distribution pattern, this means that over 200,000 people are employed full-time just in dealing marijuana, not to mention an approximate 800,000 others earning a partial income ("America's most profitable part-time hobby," as one sage puts it). Further clampdowns on pot traffic could throw the U.S. into an economic tailspin that only declaring war on Saudi Arabia or legalizing cocaine could pull us out of. Unless, of course, some nut decides to get us out of the Second Depression by declaring "war" on dope, thus war on ourselves.

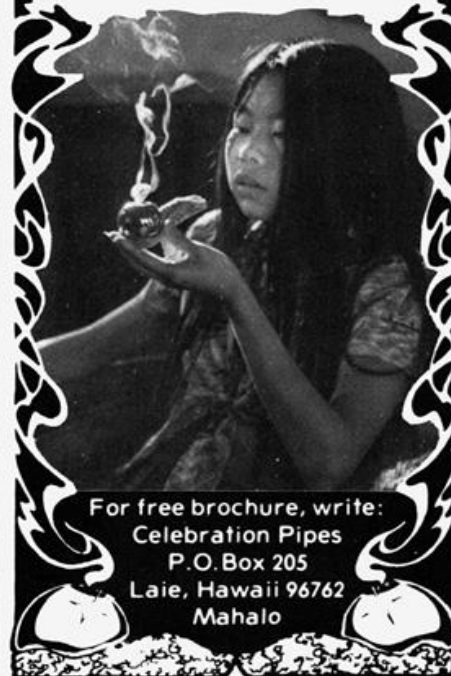
The economic situation (dependency on pot income) is similar in other countries, and perhaps the various governments will be forced to ignore marijuana now, as they did booze in the latter part of Prohibition as the Depression set in, so that at least one industry continues and some people have money to buy food. It's apparent that really poor countries like Mexico, Colombia (where one of the main industries is exporting the blood of poor people), Jamaica (where they are undergoing a popular revolution), Afghanistan, and others have found it wise to let the ganja traffic flow more or less freely. Now that the U.S. is not so rich anymore, maybe it's time that Jerry Ford-and-the-boys got with the program. As the U.S. emerges from the macho alcohol-aggressiveness of the '50s and '60s, marijuana mellowness may become just the head to be in as we preside over the dissolution of the post-World War II-created American Empire. Sure it's a bummer to be reduced to the humble standard of living of the Swedes (one car, one house, two children, three meals), but with pot, the U.S. may be able to suffer through watching the mineral-rich, food-poor countries finally get enough to eat.

Ironically, it's the Third World that grows most of the dope and the industrialized nations that buy most of it, and it's this simple economic fact that may be the final blow for legalization. The tremendous loss of dollars abroad, the balance-of-trade and balance-of-payments deficit in the billions caused by foreign dope importation, may force the U.S. to legalize marijuana growing just to keep the money at home. Likewise, the increasing tendency of revolutionary elements in places like Jamaica and Mexico to demand guns instead of dollars for weed may further encourage the U.S. to legalize pot before it finances the destruction of cherished capitalism. Then too, taxing marijuana would be a major source of income for a tight-budgeted government. Once marijuana is decriminalized (about three years, maximum) a tremendous upsurge in marijuana usage will result as the paranoia vanishes. The staggering amount of marijuana traffic this will generate will create inevitable pressure to legalize dope entirely, grow it at home, and tax it. Marijuana, incidentally, will grow on many of the farms now abandoned as too marginal for commercial farming. The stalks would solve the paper shortage as well.

In the meantime, hash oil may be a temporary solution to the Pot Blockade. A whole boatload of reefer can be squeezed into a bucket. Voilà! Transistorized pot! Strangely, hash oil has never caught on in this country. Due to public unfamiliarity with its usage, hash oil has remained a condiment for connoisseurs. It's said that certain Brotherhood of Eternal Love boys are still holding many pounds of oil leftover from 1972. Feeling low? Pipelines and tankers from Afghanistan, Nepal, Lebanon, Morocco, and Colombia, pumped full of hash oil, just may be the solution to the Energy Shortage. As they sang during the First Depression, now's the time to fall in love. ☐

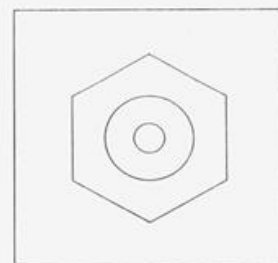
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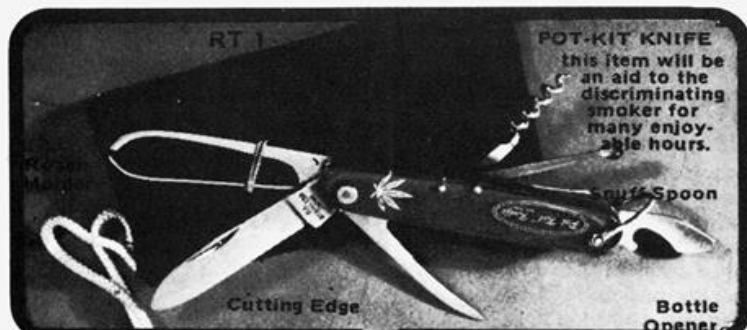
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Letters

Flower Facts

I enjoyed reading your Fall, 1974 issue. I did want to add the following notes to your article "Money Doesn't Bring Happiness" which appears on page 12:

1. The paper found in Mr. Flower's wallet did not reveal any instructions for a rendezvous off Jamaica;
2. Mr. Flowers was arrested for drunkenness, not disorderly conduct;
3. None of Mr. Flowers' friends had a helicopter pad on his property;
4. There was no evidence that Mr. Flowers had access to safe deposit boxes in Pinellas County and to the best of my knowledge none have been sealed;
5. Mr. Flowers did fail to return a rented car; he was arrested, paid restitution and all charges were dismissed;
6. My name is Martin Weinberg not Marvin Weinberg.

I find your magazine very interesting from a legal point of view and from a socio-cultural point of view. I do urge you, however, inasmuch as it is terribly important for a new magazine to gain credibility with existing institutions, to make efforts to assure the factual accuracies and the completeness of your articles by verifying the often incomplete and confused newspaper reports with the principals involved.—*Martin G. Weinberg, Boston, Mass.*

Refined Rip-Off

I first learned of *High Times* in the *Village Voice*. My first reaction was to wonder if Time-Life was the publisher. I figured someone had decided it was time to exploit the so-called drug culture. In short, I was not impressed. But your second issue is a pleasure to read, even while stoned. Incredibly informative, humorous, and nice to look at. I am impressed. Much success.—*Johnny D., New York City.*

The Case For Leary

Timothy Leary has fallen from the pedestal of a popular hero to the dungheap, where he has become an object of contempt, derision, and disgust. There is indeed a shocking contradiction between the high ideals expressed in his public statements and the real-life behaviour of a police informer deliberately betraying his friends. However, before turning up our noses and dismissing him as so much putrid vomit, let us take a long hard look at the various aspects of his case.

First of all, the genuinely important thing about him was not his image in the mass media or the extent of his popular following. What differentiated him from just any pop star was his original thinking as a scientist. Some of his theories

are as challenging to established authority as Galileo's theory of a heliocentric universe was to the established authority of the Middle Ages. Galileo was also forced under torture to recant by the Inquisitors. However, this temporary victory of the established authorities did not in the long run prove Galileo's theory to be wrong. The Inquisitors succeeded in breaking Galileo and disgracing him socially for what remained of his life. But in the verdict of history this disgrace rebounded on the Inquisitors, and will cling to them as long as human memory endures. Leary will not go down in history as a hero or a saint. He may well go down in history as a scientist who was persecuted for original thinking just as Galileo was.

Before joining in the hue and cry of those engaged in tearing him to shreds, his former friends should think twice. Isn't this precisely the trap set by those in charge of the forces of repression? So long as he remained in prison with his head held high, not compromising his principles, he had the prestige of a martyr. So the strategy was to reduce him to a vegetable, make his name stink like shit in the nostrils of his followers, and then release him. Once he had been discredited, no one would believe anything he had to say anyway. The authorities have succeeded in breaking Leary, just as the Inquisitors succeeded in breaking Galileo. But what methods did they use to do it?

I reserve my judgement until impartial witnesses have had access to Leary. So far we only have the version of the story released by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, which has been caught in flagrant lies so often that one has good reason for hesitating to accept its statements. Let us remember that the Federal Bureau of Narcotics is acting in the tradition of Harry Anslinger, the McCarthy witch-hunts, the Gestapo, the Inquisition, and all the other forms of thought police. No matter what his faults may be, Leary is in the tradition of Wilhelm Reich, Giordano Bruno, and Galileo.

—George Andrews, Llandegley, Eng.

Ooo, Dat Cwazy Iwabt!

I would like to compliment you on your layout and composition of *High Times*. The content of your publication does leave something to be desired. I refer specifically to your article on rolling paper in your second issue. I have been selling rolling paper for 9 years and have been using it for considerably longer. The IWABT, is a crock of shit. The length, the width, the packaging, the printing, the flavoring, the coloring and the thinness or thickness of rolling paper is a matter of personal preference. The importance of rolling paper is not

the issue. It's what you roll that counts. Roll the best in a paper bag and you will understand. Jamaicans have been doing it for years.—Mel Romanoff, President, Morgan Love & Co.

Kangaroo Karma

Well, I'm over here in Burleigh Heads, Australia doing some surfing and trying out those dyno-mite mushrooms ("goldies") that grow in every cow pasture in Queensland. But would you believe I haven't had a decent offer of weed since I have been here. Considering your report from Australia in "Trans-High Market Quotations" maybe I have met the wrong people.—Michael "DABOBB" Evans

P.S. The man on the radio just said it's gonna rain tomorrow! Them goldies just love that rain. And I love them goldies!

My Mom's Marijuana Bust

I just finished reading your second issue of *High Times* and was entertained. But in the "HighWitness News" section I found an error. You have stated that Mayor Gail Anglada of Millstone, N.Y. was busted. You also state that the charge which she pleaded innocent to was subject to a maximum of 5 years and/or \$5000. This is incorrect. The charges were reduced to disorderly conduct. Also, her husband was arrested. I can guarantee the above info to be correct. You see, they're my parents.—Elton Anglada Jr., Millstone, N.J.

Peyote Upchuck

In your review of the Leonard Crowdog record containing Indian Peyote Songs I think it is rather funny you didn't mention the rather violent, screaming content of the music.

I had it explained to me by someone who participated in a Peyote ceremony with Crowdog. The strychnine in the peyote causes much nausea and convulsion-like tremors. The Indians, however, are quite used to this reaction and instead of moaning and vomiting, they have worked out these songs and dances in very violent, screaming-type steps.

Crowdog is the president of the Native American Church in So. Dakota and was the spiritual leader at the recent Wounded Knee uprising which he is about to stand trial for. It is a great factor in the peyote ceremonies that these people have had their land taken from them and accounts for some of the screaming as well as most of the tears.—Alan Birnbaum

P.S. A marriage ceremony in Arizona conducted by the N.A. Church where the Cunninghams (a white couple) were being married in a peyote celebration was raided by the Arizona police. The Arizona Supreme Court overturned their conviction. ☐

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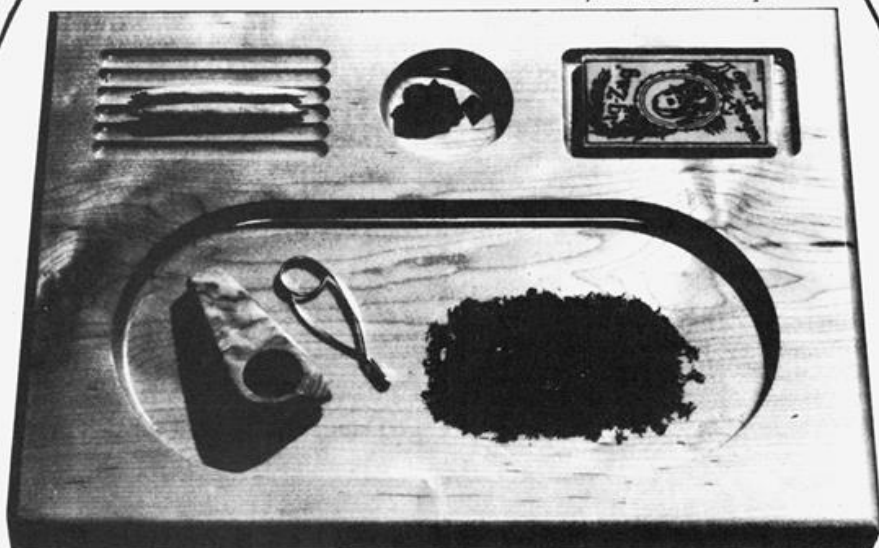
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Forum

Q I find that my memory isn't nearly as good as I think it should be. I don't know if that has anything to do with the pot I've smoked in my time or not (and I've smoked plenty), but I wonder if I can compensate for this in any way. What would you suggest?

A One solution that seems to be both safe and legal may be magnesium pemoline. Discovered in 1913, it was found to have nervous stimulant properties less than twenty years ago. In 1966 Abbott Laboratories released a study describing MP's potential in increasing memory and learning facilities up to 60%; and they proceeded to market it under the trade name Cylert. It is alleged to aid both retention of new and recall of old information, especially when combined with a rich protein diet.

Recommended dosage is about 50 mg. a day in twenty-day periods, and a month's rest in between. It appears to be most effective when combined with a diet rich in protein, vitamins C, B and B-6. Scientists postulate that the drug either stimulates the formation of RNA in the brain, or carries magnesium which serves as a natural catalyst-conductor in the memory circuits.

Incidentally, contrary to some reports, there is no scientific evidence linking memory loss to smoking marijuana.

Q: I've had some genuine Michoacan seeds for close to three years. They've been sealed in an airtight container—I just never got around to planting them. Are they still good?

A: Rules of thumb which tell you how long seeds remain fertile tend to fall apart too easily: seeds from prehistoric times [not cannabis] have been known to grow easily whereas seeds fresh from your newest lid may already be dead. There is one quick way to tell every time; all you must do is drop ten seeds picked at random into about an inch of water. After three or four days if none have sprouted, give up. But if the shells crack open and green shoots appear, you are ready to do some serious planting.

Q: During the course of discussions I have had with various straight people, I have trouble convincing them of the positive side of marijuana after all the scare stories they have been exposed to. Where can I get literature explaining both sides of the story and how pot was made illegal in the first place?

A: For general information on the pro and con of the marijuana debate, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) will send you literature free on request—though dona-

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tions to the cause are gladly accepted. For a complete, detailed account of the legal history of pot The Marihuana Conviction: A History of Marihuana Prohibition in the United States by Richard J. Bonnie and Charles H. Whitebread II is recommended reading and available at better libraries and bookstores for \$12.50 (add 50¢ and buy it directly from NORML). Correspondence to NORML should be addressed to 2317 M Street Northwest, Washington, D.C. 20037.

Q: Besides seeing yohimbine advertised in your Harvest Issue, I had heard it rumored that this substance is a powerful aphrodisiac. On the other hand, I always seem to read that there really are no aphrodisiacs, so what gives?

A: Yohimbine is the major psychoactive component of the West African yohimbe tree (*Corynanthe yohimbe*). The bark of this tree is used by Bantu-speaking tribes to make what is said to be a stimulating beverage with aphrodisiac properties. Whether it really makes you horny is debatable, but experiments have shown the active ingredient to activate the spinal nerves which control the erectile tissue of the penis and clitoris. Its stimulating properties vaguely resemble those of cocaine, and in its synthesized form it may be snorted the same as coke.

A portion the size of one line of cocaine is approximately 10 mg., the average dose ranging between 15 and 50 mg. Subtle psychic and perceptual changes without hallucinations may be experienced, along with a warm feeling alleged to be especially pleasurable during sexual activity and orgasm. Yohimbine is legal; but should be avoided in conjunction with mescaline, MDA, STP, amphetamines, diet pills, cheese, chianti-type wines, strong alcohol or most tranquilizers. If one is extremely tired, tension and/or anxiety may result from use (Librium or sodium amobarbital may relieve this, while imipramine should be especially avoided). Persons with kidney, liver, heart or diabetes conditions should avoid yohimbine. ☐

All questions about getting high will be considered for "Forum," and those of most interest will be answered here. Answers will be compiled with the best available information, so be as specific as possible for most accurate responses. Anonymous questions will be considered; and signed queries will also remain anonymous. Send all correspondence to FORUM, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, New York 10003.

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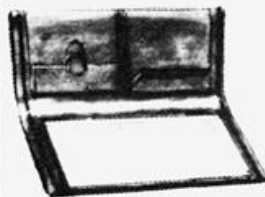
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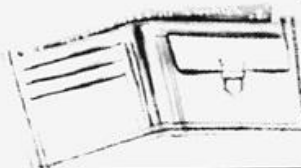


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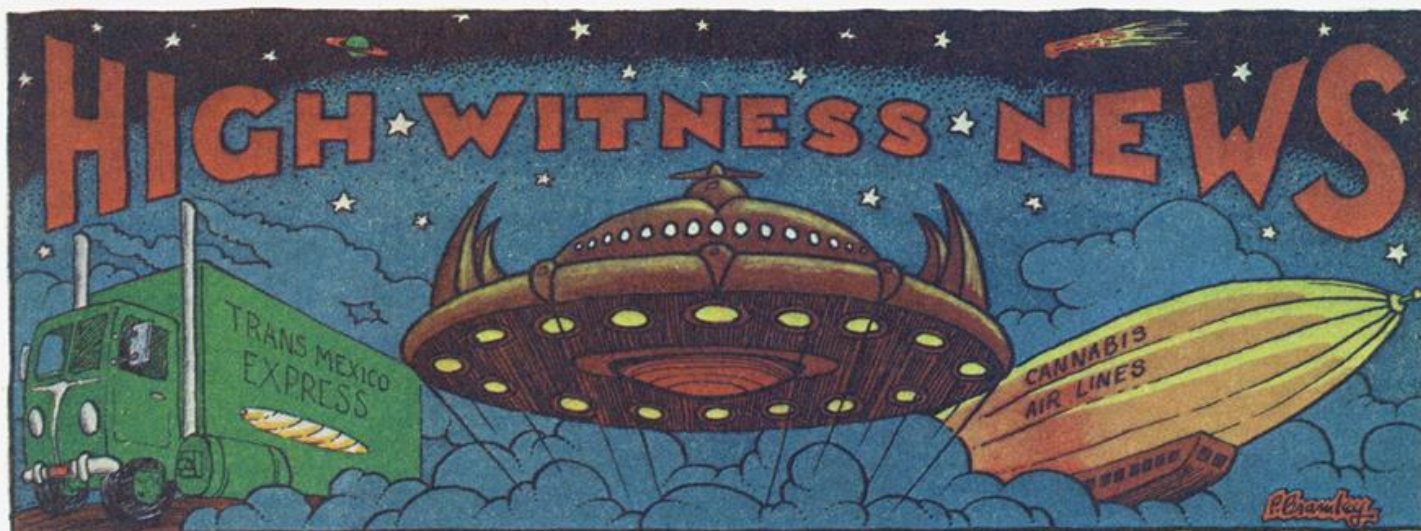
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Feds Fund Fungus

A secret government-sponsored research project at U.C. Berkeley is developing a fungus to specifically attack and destroy marijuana plants.

Arthur McCain, after receiving his doctorate in plant pathology, sought and gained the sponsorship of the Department of Agriculture to study *Fusarium Orisporan*, a fungus which "might be used by the government to fight drugs." The Department funded a three year fellowship for McCain through the Coop Extension Service, and gained him clearance from the BNDD.

Fusarium Orisporan is a type of fungus which is contagious and is transmitted through the soil, (soil borne) and is specific to marijuana (attacks only marijuana).

There are many specific *Fusarium* fungi which attack other plants too. Some of these could probably be used by farmers and gardeners to kill certain unwanted plants or

weeds. For instance, if a certain weed grows in a cornfield using up the corn's fertilizer and space it could be eradicated by infecting the field through a surface spray with a fungus specific to that weed. This has great advantages over spraying the field with herbicides (weed killers). The disease only affects the unwanted plants, it is cheaper than herbicides (and farmers now use more herbicide worldwide than insecticide), it will renew itself for years since it is a living organism, and it is organic with no toxic effects on other plants or animals.

The reason Dr. McCain chose marijuana was that "I thought the government would be more interested in this research" ... (besides) organized crime is smuggling (marijuana) and it's a way to stop criminals." Not that he has much against grass. "If adults want to use it they should be able to use it ...

(cont. on p. 13)



BY NEPTUNE'S WATERPIPE: The good old Oliver H. Smith plows the waves unaware of narc's widening net.

POT BLOCKADE!

A massive dope blockade of the fall harvest of Colombian pot has begun, with a multi-agency effort in November along the Florida coast. Although few arrests were made, many incoming loads anchored at sea, awaiting a hole in the blockade. Certain ships were said to be hosting large parties while at anchor.

The eighteen-hour blockade used twenty-nine vessels and five aircraft and resulted in no arrests, although eleven "suspicious" vessels were halted, boarded, and searched. The operation resulted in the seizure of one ounce of marijuana and fifty undersized lobsters. Nonetheless, federal and local officials considered the experiment—the first blockade of the American coast since the Civil War—an "unqualified success."

"Within the next few weeks we shall review how well the blockaded area was sealed off," said Captain James H. MacDonald of the Coast Guard. "But we already know that, if needed, we can launch a similar operation within a couple of hours in any area in Florida

where criminal activity is suspected."

Besides the Coast Guard, agencies participating in the blockade were the United States Drug Enforcement Administration, the United States Customs Bureau, the Immigration and Naturalization Service's border patrol, the Florida Maritime Patrol, the Dade County Public Safety Department and the Fort Lauderdale police. The operation was code-named "Dragnet."

Radar picket boats in the Windward and Yucatan Passages were said to be operating, and a second blockade off the coast of Colombia was also rumored, although not confirmed.

(cont. on p. 15)

Hefner Under Fire

Hugh Hefner's Playboy empire has been coming under close scrutiny by local and federal investigative agencies for dope use at both the Chicago and Los Angeles mansions he maintains. Though as of yet Hefner himself has not been linked directly with any illegal substances, Adrienne Pollack, a 23 year-old bunny living in the Chicago mansion OD'd on quaaludes in September, 1973; and in November, 1974 his social secretary, Bobbie Arnstein, 32, was convicted of conspiring to distribute a half pound of cocaine.

The Playboy Foundation, a non-profit offshoot of Playboy's profits, has long been underwriting NORML's efforts to change the laws against cannabis use. It is feared that the crackdown on Hefner is the harbinger of further harassment of society is that it uses alcohol instead of marijuana to get high.

A federal grand jury in Chicago has subpoenaed a number of Playboy employees,

including Hefner, to testify on aspects of drug use in the two mansions. *The Chicago Tribune* reports that dope was dispensed to "preferred mansion guests and certain employees in return for their patronage services," according to investigators. Testimony at Ms. Arnstein's trial indicated that eight ounces of cocaine had been stashed in the Playboy mansion limousine.

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Can't Cotton Gin

A "gin duel" between two Florida bar patrons has claimed three lives. Walter Wade, 39, and Eugene Cole, 32, drank themselves to death in an attempt to settle a dispute over who could drink more. Claude Kidd, 52, the bartender who officiated at the contest later died of a heart attack provoked by reports that he would be charged with manslaughter. His wife, Catherine, told reporters that her husband died of grief. He had a history of heart trouble.

Police estimated that Cole and Wade each consumed between 32 and 48 ounces of gin in less than an hour at Kidd's bar.

New Box In Town

AT&T has begun using a new "box" to monitor certain calls on its lines. Developed by Tel-Tone Corp. of Seattle, Washington, the "silver box" permits phone company employees at a single monitoring to use a touch-tone dial that activates the system to listen in on any one of ten trunk lines. To monitor a call, a secret listener dials the seven digit number assigned to each box. When he hears a tone, he dials two additional digits in rapid succession. Once the codes are dialed in proper order, the snooper hears conversations on the ten lines—by pressing successive digits AT&T can hear different conversations simultaneously.

AT&T reports the device costs \$1,200 and has been purchased in order to maintain high quality service. Spokesmen for the monopoly insist the monitoring is strictly upon service representatives in local offices as they deal with customer requests and complaints. Customer-to-customer calls are also monitored randomly to assure proper long-distance service, admitted AT&T. However, the new box can be duplicated and anyone with knowledge of the secret dialing code could listen in from any touch-tone in the country. The telephone giant has assured three Congressional investigative committees that the code is difficult to obtain and use. The investigations stem in part from revelations that AT&T assisted the FBI in conducting wiretaps for "national security" purposes and made available records of long-distance calls to government agencies investigating prominent persons.



A Dog's Life

Marijuana-sniffing dogs are able to put in only a short work-week, according to the *Police Times*. An article written by a dog handler reveals that pot-detecting dogs can be applied effectively for only fifteen to sixty minutes and then they need a rest, varying from a few minutes to forty-eight hours. The time limits vary depending on the animal, his work conditions, and the amount of success that encourages further efforts. Traditional tracking dogs may follow a scent continuously for up to forty-eight hours.

Skinned Mule Blues

Colombia's leading newspapers are now carrying a warning from the country's Civil Aeronautics Authority: Don't be a "mule!" In smuggler's argot, a "mule" is a person who knowingly or unwittingly serves as a courier. The ads are aimed at the 250,000 Colombians who annually visit the U.S. as ordinary tourists, from whose numbers many mules are recruited.

The ads warned that the number of "mules" arrested is climbing and that the penalty is up to 12 years in jail and a heavy fine. "Every day in any airport a drug trafficker may ask you courteously and innocently to help him carry a suitcase," declared the ads. "If you agree and cocaine or marijuana is later found in the valise, you have become a 'mule.' Don't accept suitcases or packages from someone you don't know or even someone you do—without knowing its true contents."

Bogus Busts Bared

Testimony in the trial of the alleged Seattle smuggling ring operating behind the facade of the O'Brien Water Ski Co. revealed that one shipment of alleged cocaine which the arresting officers purchased was actually sodium chloride—common salt. However, the DEA is convinced and hopes to prove that the alleged ring conspired to possess and distribute \$2 million worth of cocaine anyway and were themselves defrauded by Chilean salt merchants.

While in New York City, narcotics police in Astoria, Queens recently announced the seizure of forty-three pounds of "nearly pure" heroin with a

street value of fifteen million dollars. Further tests of the contraband revealed that it was pure quinine, but not before the media had picked up news of the "major drug bust." "It's great if you had a couple of guys suffering from malaria," commented Herman Reid, executive officer of the city's narcotic squads, adding that the thirteen arrests made in connection with the raid would stand, based on evidence from earlier indictments. He added that possession of quinine was a Class A misdemeanor and that additional charges might be filed.

THE HIGH AND MIGHTY

In the wake of the David Carradine pot bust there has been a wave of arrests of the great, the near great, and the once great. Rubbing elbows with the common felons and wrongdoers are the following:

- Aging 1930's movie star Lash LaRue was charged with possession of marijuana after being arrested in Clayton County, Ga., for drunkenness. The former cowboy matinee idol, remembered as a whip-cracking swaggerer on screen, had a whip in his car at the time of the arrest.

- Danny Partridge was sleeping in the back seat of his car when San Francisco police arrested him and three companions for possession of marijuana. The fifteen-year-old actor in the popular series *The Partridge Family* was released in his parents' custody.

- Congressional Medal of Honor winner and Vietnam hero Richard Penry has been convicted of selling cocaine in Santa Rosa, Calif. Penry—whose sentencing had to be postponed because it was first scheduled for Veterans Day—saved scores of wounded GIs from a Viet Cong attack.

- One of the best-known jockeys in racing, Larry Adams, was arrested for possession of marijuana and codeine sulphate pills at Newark International Airport.

- New Jersey Representative Charles W. Sandman's nineteen-year-old son Robert S. Sandman was indicted by a grand jury in Atlantic County for possession of more than two pounds of marijuana with intent to distribute.

- Drug Enforcement Administration agent Jon Alan Ercolo was arrested in Denver, Colo., on charges of selling grass he had been storing as evidence.

- In what some observers feel is an attempt to smear Sheriff Richard Hongisto of San Francisco County, a reformer who is up for re-election in 1975, Inspector Cecil Pharris arrested Deputy Sheriff Larry Burris on charges of selling cocaine to prisoners at San Francisco County Prison. No drugs or paraphernalia were found in Burris's possession and he was released on his own recognition.

The Potent Majority

The United States government is growing concerned over the possibility that the giant domestic marijuana plants, which grow wild through the Midwest, may become extremely potent as the years go by. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has found, through a series of studies, what many smokers have long known: the wild plants contain almost no THC and are virtually useless for getting high.

However, the HEW also found that, of the wild plants, the high THC producing strains are dominant, that is, when they are cross-pollinated with low THC plants, high THC pot is the inevitable result. The government has found that successive marijuana crops in Mississippi have been growing stronger by the year, and it is worried that the same thing will happen to the wild weeds in the Midwest.

Bomb Plot's A Bust

An alleged plot to dynamite the homes of narcotics officers involved in a recent drug raid has been foiled by Broward County, Florida, sheriff's deputies. Arrested in three separate raids in the Fort Lauderdale area were: Larry Joe Clements, 23; Gary Eugene Muth, 22; and Paul Reynolds, 21, all of Fort Lauderdale. They were placed under \$5,000 bail on charges of conspiracy to commit a capital felony—the first degree murder of a police officer. Also arrested were Alicia Villarreal, 22, and an unidentified 16 year-old youth on charges of interfering with police officials during the raids.

The plot was allegedly in retaliation for raids conducted on June 18 by undercover narcotics agents on Fort Lauderdale's southwest side which netted \$100,000 worth of cocaine and marijuana. Deputies say that someone connected with the ring obtained what was thought to be the license plates of cars used by the undercover agents and had an accomplice check the numbers against state files in Tallahassee. On a tip from an informer, the police began a two-week investigation.

A Miami contractor, known to police as a "hit man" was contacted by the alleged conspirators because he had access to dynamite.

Some families on the list were called and told "This is Satan. You have three days to live."

However, deputies say, "certain members of the conspiracy became unhappy and impatient with the hit man and were in the process of making their own arrangements." At that point, the Broward County state attorney was contacted and he ordered immediate arrests.

Weed Runs Wild

Thousands of acres of wild pot are spreading over West Virginia and authorities there are busy trying to control it. During W.W.'s I and II the West Virginia eastern panhandle provided hemp for rope factories, but the current crop is up for grabs.

In 1972, the West Virginia Department of Agriculture was given the job of destroying the rapidly growing wild weed. An initial aerial survey showed 2,000 acres of marijuana growing wild and Agriculture Commissioner Gus Douglas estimated it would take five years to destroy them all. However, while project leader Robert Frame reports the work is running according to schedule, his figures indicate that so far in 1974 his crews have worked 111 separate marijuana tracts comprising 3,981 acres.

"Marijuana was even growing on the golf course at Moorefield," Douglas said.



POPPYCOCK: Turks put CIA to pasture.

No Narc Zone

In the latest development between the U.S. and Turkey over the renewed Turkish poppy farming, a New York state congressman reports that the Turkish government plans to oust

U.S. narcotics agents presently operating in Turkey. Rep. James F. Hastings, a member of the House task force on drug abuse said he had received confidential information about Turkey's plans.

Vesco Drug Capo?

Robert Vesco, fugitive financial tycoon, co-defendant in the Mitchell-Stans trial, and a secret large contributor to the 1972 Nixon campaign, is now the focus of a Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations inquiry into the competence of federal drug-law enforcement agencies.

The Subcommittee, chaired by Sen. Henry "Scoop" Jackson, is studying testimony from Frank Peroff, former DEA (Drug Enforcement Agency) informant, that he was directly ordered

to remain silent about his taped evidence linking Vesco to a \$300 million scheme to import heroin into the U.S. from Italy. The Subcommittee is also investigating reports that BNDD and DEA agents in Los Angeles undertook private assignments on behalf of Vesco, who was under indictment for securities fraud at the time.

Peroff, a small-time Florida securities dealer, was recruited in France by U.S. narcotics investigators as a full-time informer after he had turned over \$430,000 worth of counterfeit American currency to Secret Service agents. He had received the money from Conrad Bouchard, a Canadian underworld figure who was known to traffic in narcotics. Bouchard's associate was Giuseppe Cotroni, a reputed member of the Mafia living in Canada. Bouchard was to be Peroff's target, and he was told his information was very valuable. He was to tape record every conversation he had. On July 6, 1973, Peroff heard Vesco and his Canadian lieutenant, Norman Le Blanc, identified by Bouchard as the money behind a heroin importing scheme.

Peroff submitted his tapes. But no action was taken; Peroff was told to drop the case. He took his information to the United States Attorney's office. Shortly after that, he was served with several invalid warrants in Florida, forced to reveal himself

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(cont. from p. 11)

Some people are psychologically addicted, other people like a highball can handle it. I vote for legalization whenever it comes around."

According to Dr. McCain there is no chance that Fusarium Orisporan can attack other plants. Besides marijuana he tested it on two types of hops, marijuana's closest relative—and there is "no chance of it mutating—it may be possible—but chances are considerably lessened because of certain genetic factors. There have been new strains occurring but there is no proof that it just wasn't discovered (before)".

At this point one must consider some previous mistakes in the use of biological controls. The mongoose was brought to Jamaica to rid the island of snakes. After they eliminated the reptiles they developed a

taste for domestic chickens—there are now few snakes or chickens on the island.

What if this fungus should mutate and attack corn, wheat, or soybeans?

Dr. McCain sees no problem ahead should pot be legalized. Since the fungus is soil borne it will not spread much beyond an infected field. Poisons can be used to make sure that the seeds are not infected. "If a man is growing illegally there would be nothing wrong to introduce it so

he can't grow, but his neighbors can." Another possible method for control of the fungus is through the use of fungus resistant varieties which would have to be developed. Then only companies with disease resistant seed would be able to grow commercially.

One would think that this research being done at U.C. Berkeley would arouse the anger of the community. However he has found "no problem yet about people in Berkeley. I didn't expect actions." But I try to keep my visibility low. Last year there was a small article in the Berkeley Barb."

His work is almost completed except for field tests conducted in Italy. He plans to start research on the opium poppy and he has "even considered using (his) own money if there is no funding from the government.





NORML's Fioramonti "on the bus."

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws has been forced to rack its brains to create public-service ads that would not offend the public—at least not as the public is conceived by the advertising acceptability departments of Time, Newsweek, and Ms.

Those magazines turned down two NORML ads which showed a cartoon of a city depopulated by the same number of pot arrests as were made nationwide in 1973; and another

cartoon which showed Queen Victoria smoking a joint "for menstrual cramps."

However, NORML's New York State director Frank Fioramonti discovered a medium that would carry NORML's ads—New York City buses. Two hundred buses in the Big Apple now carry signs reading "If all marijuana smokers were put in jail there would be no room for criminals" and "Can you imagine being sent to jail for possession of an ounce of gin?"

Coke Policy Scored

The Drug Enforcement Administration's policy on cocaine has brought fire recently from Dr. Peter Bourne, former Assistant Director of the White House Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention.

In a recent article Bourne attacked the DEA for spending vast amounts of time and money to suppress cocaine—and failing, since coke use is increasing at many levels of American society. Bourne also suggests that cocaine is a relatively harmless drug and that the DEA is using the expensive and hedonistic drug to glamorize itself. Finally, Bourne says, the DEA policy of paying sky-high prices in order to set up busts is both inflating the price of cocaine and attracting many individuals to dealing who had never done so before.

The DEA's recent heavily publicized "Operation Snowflake" round-up in Aspen, Colo., bears out many of Bourne's criticisms. The DEA seized 12.5 pounds of cocaine said to be worth \$3 million. However, in order to make the big bust, DEA agents made preliminary buys of

fifty-four ounces at about \$1500 per ounce. Thus they could have bought the whole 12.5 pounds for \$300,000.

Civil liberties lawyers are pondering the possibility that the DEA's top-dollar buying policy may be a species of illegal entrapment.

Politician's Pot Prank

Citing their "error in judgment," Mayor Steven Laughlin and Councilwoman Anette Lombardi resigned their position in the small college town of Cotati, California. Both were 27 years old.

The two, along with Vikki Flaherty, also 27, were cited by police for removing 12 marijuana plants from the city hall basement as a prank. All three were also cited for destroying evidence. In their letter of resignation to City Manager Robert Switzer, Laughlin and Lombardi said they intended to place the plants in the City Plaza.

Both were members of a young liberal government elected to office in 1972.

Ease Pot Laws, They Say

Michael Ford, son of President Gerald Ford, recently admitted to *Women's Wear Daily* that he had smoked grass. His brother, Jack, admitted nothing, but both favor easing of marijuana laws. Steven Ford said he has never smoked grass, but that it wasn't for lack of chances to do so.

Resigning administrator of the Justice Department's Law

Enforcement Assistance Administration Donald E. Santarelli, a one-time supporter of Nixon's law and order regime, has called for a new set of law enforcement priorities which would entail cessation of pot law enforcement. Santarelli claimed that science was unsure of any definite harm from moderate use of marijuana and that the faith of American youth in the legal justice system was being eroded by the activities of narcotics police. And that it was hopeless anyway.

And May Martin Blinder of San Anselmo, Calif., told his City Council that he thought there was no need to enforce the pot laws and that local police should "leave the poor junkie alone."

SHOT FOR POT

Terence Hammond, 18, of Pinellas County, Florida, was shot to death by a sheriff's deputy when he ran from arrest. Police are now searching the wooded area where he was shot for the gun the deputy claims Hammond was about to fire.

Pinellas County Sheriff Department Chief Deputy Bill Roberts said deputy Ken Kevass shot the youth when he "wheeled around as if he had a gun." Kevass was placing Hammond under arrest for the sale of two-and-a-half pounds of marijuana in a Pick Kwick convenience store parking lot near High Point, Florida when Hammond bolted across the lot and into neighboring backyards. Kevass thought he saw something in his (Hammond's) hand. Other witnesses testified they saw Hammond "reach under his shirt."

Eyewitness to the incident, Charles Jacobs, was with friends in his backyard when a man ran through it, pursued by three men in plain clothes carrying guns. Jacobs said one of the men yelled, "I'll shoot, you son of a bitch!" then fired a shot that missed the youth. Jacobs said the chase continued across the block and into a nearby field about a quarter of a mile from the Pick Kwick store. One of the men stopped at the edge of the field, he said, took aim and shot the running youth.

No gun has been found. Roberts said that it may have "fallen under a palmetto or something."

Polly Wants A Joint

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is out with a warning about getting your pets stoned on marijuana or L.S.D. Eugene Sanders, a SPCA spokesman in San Francisco, says that what may be regarded as a pleasant experience for humans is often a period of helplessness and disorientation for an animal. The most common pet treated for "bad trips" is the dog, who usually recover about 12 hours after they have their stomachs pumped and are given a sedative. Veterinarian Dr. Charles Galvin, reports instances of dogs on acid jumping backwards as if something were scaring them and staring at table legs for hours. "Cats, Galvin says, "are pretty good about staying away from drugs." Galvin has also treated stoned monkeys, parakeets, and guinea pigs.

DOB Lab Busted

Federal agents in Dallas have seized drugs they valued at \$320,000 and closed an illicit makeshift laboratory which Wayne L. Gindrup, an organic chemist who works for the Jones-Blair Paint Co., allegedly used to manufacture the potent hallucinogenic amphetamine DOB. Six persons in all were arrested by the Drug Enforcement Agency. Among them were Gindrup's wife Connie Gindrup; William Lawrenson, a Houston travel agent who allegedly assisted the Gindrups in their DOB operations; and Jack C. and Kimmett J. Rice and Robert J. May, Jr., who was seized at the Dallas-Fort Worth Airport with one pound of high-grade cocaine worth \$180,000.

DOB, known chemically as "4 bromo 2, dimethoxyl amphetamine" is one of the most potent mind-altering drugs known to science, but has hitherto been relatively uncommon on the dope market.

Guns Flow Into Mexico

Mexican and U.S. officials are worried about the growing rate of guns smuggled into Mexico. In recent months, U.S. customs officials have cracked down on gun dealers throughout the Southwest, and Mexican authorities have begun to penetrate the hinterlands of Sonora, a border state south of Arizona.

The long tradition of gun-toting frontier freedom in civilian Sonora has made it a natural matrix for a new revolutionary guerilla movement to grow. The Sonoran wilderness is also a no-man's-land which many smugglers use for their bases of operations and warehouses. All this clandestine activity has led to an unprecedented demand for guns—often modern automatic weapons—which unscrupulous dealers and daring smugglers are filling as fast as they can.

According to *Gun Week*, the fear among Southwestern sportsmen "long-accustomed to casual trades and open activity in pursuing the gun hobby," is whether the heightened efforts of the border authorities to halt the illegal gun trade will lead to persuction of hobbyists, harrassment, and entrapment by undercover customs agents.

MOONLIGHT MARIJUANA

Pursuing a purse-snatcher into the Bayard Cutting Arboretum in Oakdale, Long Island, police discovered 17-year-old Charles Davis of New York tending and cultivating a patch of 120 marijuana plants by moonlight.

Davis said that he had planted the plants eight weeks previously and patiently nursed them to maturity. At the time of the arrest, Davis was walking through the shrubs and trees carrying a six-gallon container of water and a candle in a beer can. The beer can prevented the light from being seen, according to the arresting officer. Davis was booked on a felony charge of marijuana possession.

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A further rumor has it that a satellite positioned over the Windward Passage was programmed to detect the tacking course of a sailboat, then relay the information to Coast Guard vessels, which would then board "suspicious" boats.

The blockade has temporarily caused a severe shortage of Colombian reefer, but is not expected to have any long term impact.

Potaganda

Tapes yielded by former President Nixon to the House Judiciary Committee reveal that television, movies and radio were targeted for an onslaught of anti-drug messages. In one taped conversation between Nixon and domestic advisor John D. Ehrlichmann, they discuss the now defunct CBS series "O'Hara—The U.S. Treasury" starring David Janssen. Ehrlichmann told Nixon, "You know, we got, us, a narcotics show on. . . it had a hell of a rating its first, uh, time." Nixon called the program "a good show." He seemed impressed with its style. "My God, they had, uh, they had guys chasing people with, uh, airplanes and all that sort of thing" he said.

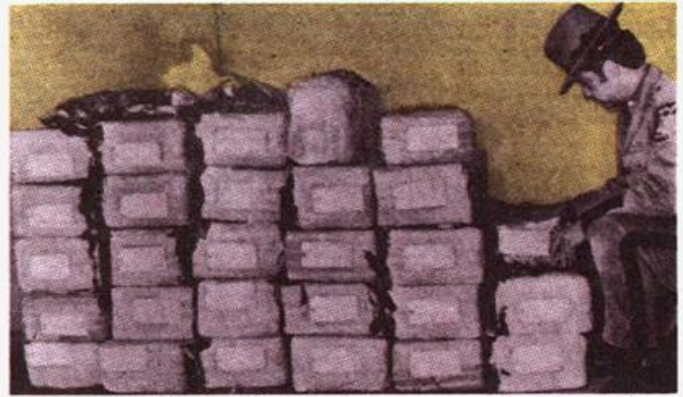
Jim Moser, a writer for "O'Hara," recalled that at a 1970 White House Conference on Drug Abuse, 35 media executives from the television networks and California production studios were encouraged to play up the drug problem and get the government message across. Moser recalled, "It was remarkable. They took writers and producers back to Washington to see how we could push the anti-drug thing. John Mitchell told me 'Get in and write some fine scripts, boy!'"

The producer of "O'Hara," Leonard Kaufman admitted to being aware of secret agreements between government and Hollywood. He says, "It was a political thing for productions to expose the drug problem."

"O'Hara" folded after one dismal season before the American public.

STILLBIRTHS COST PLENTY

Just like every other high, moonshine is becoming more expensive because of inflation. Vice police in Buffalo, New York, report that undercover agents purchased illegally distilled liquor in upstate New York for \$2.50 a half pint. That's \$20 a quart.



A LOT OF POT: State Trooper fusses over a 4½ ton load of pot seized in upstate New York.

ENTER BUSTING

By transferring at least 380 known agents to the U.S. Customs Department, the Drug Enforcement Agency has acquired the power to initiate searches without legal warrants.

Customs agents are empowered to search without warrants. All the new agents must do is assert their belief that drugs have been smuggled onto a premise or an effect—i.e., home car, luggage—from a foreign country.

Botany's Blues

Boca Raton, Florida, police arrested Nicholas Condon as he sat waiting to address City Council in favor of legalizing marijuana farming. He had brought along a demonstration plant and a book on marijuana and sat down in the back of the

meeting hall. He told police that he advocated farming in order to make better grades available. "There's a lot of marijuana being distributed in this area that is contaminated," he said. He was taken to jail without being allowed to speak. Later he was freed on \$100 bail.

Goodbye Havana, Hello FBI

Four Americans were recently released from Cuban jails as a good-will gesture, and two of them were met in Miami by FBI agents who took them away in handcuffs.

Richard Peter Johnson, twenty-five, and Philip Fred Burris, thirty-two, were charged with transporting a stolen aircraft in foreign commerce. Four years ago, the two were charged with bringing drugs into Cuba after they had landed a rented Cessna there without clearance.

Also returning to the U.S. were David Nirenberg and Susan Lane, who were arrested in 1973 in a yacht off the Cuban coast and charged with possessing drugs. The four were released at the request of Sens. Jacob Javits (R-N.Y.) and Clairborn Pell. (D-R.I.).

The State Department says that eight Americans remain in Cuban jails on political charges, and about twenty-five for other reasons, excluding hijackings. More than one hundred persons have hijacked planes to Cuba in the last ten years but it is not known how many are jailed or free.

(cont. from p. 13)

at the counterfeit trial of Conrad Bouchard, and the DEA bodyguards assigned to his family were withdrawn from his New York home. Peroff has told the Senate Subcommittee that he has two tapes where the names of Vesco and Le Blanc are spoken by Bouchard. Preliminary investigations by the Subcommittee appear to bear out important points in Peroff's story.

Information has also been found that links several Los Angeles based DEA agents to background checks made on Vesco rivals and a 1972 electronic bug "extermination" of Vesco's New Jersey headquarters. One DEA agent was ordered by John Kelly, BNDD, Los Angeles, to retrieve a watch that had been confiscated at the Los Angeles airport by customs officials. The watch belonged to Thomas H. Richardson, a Vesco associate. Richardson was a frequent visitor to the BNDD's Los Angeles office. The Subcommittee is seeking to determine if there is any connection between this private moonlighting and the DEA refusal to act on valuable evidence implicating Robert Vesco in the heroin trade.

HIGH CRIMES

Diligent narcotics enforcement officers continue to add notches to their guns in the last quarter of 1974, with the busting of a \$1.6 billion drug ring allegedly operated by a father-son team out of Seattle and an unprecedented seizure of nineteen tons of grass in Arizona making it all seem worthwhile. Here's the roundup on the big busts of the fall-winter season:

- Drug Enforcement Administration officers in Seattle closed down an alleged amphetamine ring that had smuggled \$1.6 billion worth of speed into this country. The ring, allegedly run by Allan Dean Ingam and his son James with the aid of Allan's wife and James' mother, Mrs. Eva Ingam, reportedly imported the speed from clandestine laboratories in Mexico. Related indictments in the Seattle area rounded up 125 persons in a ten-city, international crack-down on amphetamine, marijuana, heroin, and cocaine traffic.

- Nineteen tons of marijuana valued at \$9.5 million—the largest haul in U.S. history—were seized in Arizona shortly after two U.S. citizens and two Mexicans drove the pot across the border in two trucks "packed to the gunwales." The 37,785 pounds of pot were packed in 17,175 sealed one-kilo bricks. Arsenio de las Ossa, Mario Gonzalez-Leon, Juan Torres Rodriguez, and Marco Antonio Rzeslawski are being held on \$500,000 bail each while investigators study the "organizational links" behind the massive import scheme. An editorial in the Arizona Daily Star complained that "the 19-ton record bust ... is nothing compared to the tonnage that eludes the law."

- In Madison, N.J., police arrested twenty-five Fairleigh Dickinson University students on drug charges and seized three pounds of marijuana, half a pound of hashish and small quantities of peyote, quaaludes, amphetamines and barbiturates.

- William Dale Smith and Grady Fitzjarrell, both of Sacramento, Calif., were arrested for speeding near Bakersfield and booked on charges of possession of drugs for sale when police found 400,000 amphetamine pills and twelve pounds of grass in their vehicle. The drugs were valued at about \$80,000.

- In Tucson, narcs arrested Daniele M. Hughes, Stephanie A. Weatherley, Don E. Gates, Roger L. Stezkorn, and Robert J. Danbury for possession of 350 pounds of grass valued at \$30,000 with intent to sell.

- In Stephenville, Texas narcotics officers confiscated \$2 million worth of marijuana discovered in a truck behind a truck stop there. Three persons were arrested.

- DEA officials seized over a ton of grass valued at about \$1 million in a series of raids on airstrips in the Mojave Desert and El Monte in October. A total of eleven persons were arrested.

- Two Florida men, Jeffery Lane Searles and James Frank Thrasher were arrested when police found nearly two tons of grass valued at \$1.5 million on their DC3 cargo plane at the municipal airport in Chattanooga, Tenn.

- Robert Joseph Foster of Tucson, Arizona, was arrested and charged with possession of marijuana when police seized 800 pounds of grass dropped

near Hobbs, N.M. Peter Daane of Manhattan, Kan., who allegedly was to pick it up in his van, was arrested also on charges of possession.

- Richard Paris of Philadelphia and Edwin C. Dorn of San Francisco have been arrested and charged with operating an illegal laboratory in Redding, Calif. The laboratory was supplied with enough chemicals to make fifteen pounds of phenylcyclidine (PCP) valued at more than \$500,000. Paris has been wanted for over a year in connection with the bust of a methamphetamine factory in San Rafael, Calif.

- H.R. Andrews, owner of an electric circuit manufacturing concern called Sigma Labs in Washington, D.C. was arrested and charged with operating an illegal laboratory and possession of ninety pounds of phenylcyclidine (PCP) valued at \$25 million. Police claim that his laboratory was the largest ever found.

- 150 U.S. and Colombian citizens have been charged with smuggling 300 pounds of cocaine worth \$35 million into the United States for sale in the New York area. The massive indictment by federal and local prosecutors also netted 3300 pounds of marijuana worth \$1.65 million. In all, eighty-eight of the 150 defendants have already been apprehended, along with \$500,000 in cash and several machine guns.

- Teresa Restrepo De Vasquez, arrested at International Airport in Philadelphia en route to New York from Jamaica and charged with having ten pounds of cocaine in a false bottom of her suitcase, has been sentenced to five years in prison. Mrs. De Vasquez claimed that a man named Alfonso had given her the luggage, a passport, \$500 and plane fare which she accepted to pay for her elderly mother's eye operation.

- London bobbies recently seized two and a half tons of pot in a shipment of onyx ornaments mailed to the Arab embassy there. They were acting on a tip that the shipment, sent from Karachi, Pakistan, contained bombs.

- Donald T. Wood of Seattle has pleaded guilty to one count of conspiracy to smuggle seventeen pounds of cocaine into Seattle from Bolivia. His source, according to the federal government, was Bolivian medical student Simon Habot, now in King County jail in Oregon.

- Federal and New York City police claim to have smashed a ring that handled 30 percent of the illegal heroin and cocaine trade in Brooklyn. Of sixteen persons indicted, ten were arrested at their homes in Brooklyn, while alleged kingpin Andrew W. Fesperman of Kannapolis, N.C., is being sought. The gang is said to have grossed about \$100 million a year in street sales.

- And in Mexico, police and army troops (federales) raided La Mesa Penitentiary in Tijuana to break up a heroin ring run by inmates and doing about \$3 million trade every month. The police found \$30,000 in American currency, \$100,000 worth of jewelry, and telephone codes and records of drug transactions. Inmates Helen C. Hernandez and her husband Roberto and his brother Juan, who have served four years of their eleven-year smuggling sentences, were charged with operating the ring, which is thought to have replaced the notorious "French Connection."

- Mexican soldiers confiscated fourteen tons of marijuana at Rancho Seco on the Tijuana-Padre Kino road, not far from Tijuana. Six men were arrested as they were unloading the pot from a trailer and transferring it to a warehouse. A press bulletin from Mexican attorney general's office termed the bust "a tremendous blow" to Mexican-American drug traffic.

- A Bronx man and a Peruvian woman were arrested in Peru as they were preparing to leave the country with five and one-half kilos of almost pure cocaine. Dr. James Austin, the alleged ringleader of an annual twenty-five million dollar cocaine smuggling operation between Bolivia and New York, and Mrs. Rosario Herguara, were flown to New York to face charges. Police say that since the cocaine was "ninety-eight percent pure" it had a street value of one and a half million dollars.

- Los Angeles police rounded up one hundred fifty students as the result of having undercover police posing as students in twenty-four of the city's high schools since September. Authorities say the undercover operation was not extended to the junior highs because police lacked officers who looked young enough to pass for junior high school students.

Liberal Legislatures

A new liberal attitude toward drug legislation is arising at the federal and state levels in the wake of movements in Michigan and Oregon that resulted in the decriminalization of possession of up to one ounce of grass. Among some of the most striking new developments:

- A new bill pending in Congress would reduce the penalty for simple possession of small quantities of pot for personal use from one year to thirty days.
- At least twelve states have reduced or are planning to reduce the status of possession of marijuana from a felony to a misdemeanor.
- In New Jersey, State Senator Alexander Menza is leading an effort to decriminalize possession—and he thinks it would be “illogical” to keep it a criminal offense to sell or distribute a drug that wouldn’t be illegal to possess. And at the end of the year the state Attorney General’s office will release a report recommending abolition of criminal penalties for users of grass and hash.
- The State Supreme Court of Alaska is reviewing a parcel of state laws against marijuana, and will consider the possibilities that marijuana laws interfere with the individual’s right to privacy, that marijuana cannot be logically classified as a dangerous drug, and that the legality of alcohol implies an equal status for grass. (One of the Alaskan magistrates, Judge Robert Boochever, has likened the widespread belief that marijuana destroys motivation to the possibility that listening continuously to the music of Beethoven destroys motivation.)

Death And Taxes

The Internal Revenue Service is employing an old tactic with a new vengeance in its crusade against suspected drug dealers—assessment and seizure. According to Treasury Department statistics, the IRS has seized about \$27 million and assessed an additional \$101 million against drug suspects. To date, fewer than 100 of these suspects have been convicted of criminal tax fraud.

The procedure is very simple and quick. A half-century-old law is cited which permits the IRS to seize the assets of persons it suspects may flee to evade taxes. If payment isn’t immediately forthcoming, the assets are held. A court challenge by the taxpayer may take several months to a year. IRS agents work closely with local police, who tip them off to an arrest involving someone suspected of making big money illegally through drug sales. An IRS agent may even accompany the arrest party. The police often drop charges, but the IRS has been known to hold assets for extended periods of time. Critics of the IRS claim that assessments are deliberately excessive and that the procedure is being used to harass drug lawyers, political activists and others.



POSSIBLE U.S. RECORD: The 17,175 bricks comprising the 19 tons of pot seized in Arizona (see *High Crimes*).

Sen. Eastland On Pot

Introducing a report of subcommittee hearings on marijuana, Sen. James D. Eastland, chairman of the Internal Security Subcommittee, warned that the unchecked spread of marijuana use may cause many problems.

“If the cannabis epidemic continues to spread at the rate of the post-Berkeley period (since 1965),” Eastland raved, “we may find ourselves saddled with a large population of semi-zombies—of young people acutely afflicted by the amotivational syndrome.” Eastland said that American society could be “largely taken over by a marijuana culture—a culture motivated by a desire to escape from reality and by a consuming lust for self gratification, and lacking any higher moral guidance.”

Another wrinkle is that “We may develop a large population of respiratory cripples,” said the Mississippi Democrat.

Eastland blamed the media for the rise of grass-smoking:

“The spread of the epidemic has been facilitated by the fact that most of our media and most of the academicians who have been articulate on the subject have been inclined to dismiss marijuana as a relatively innocuous drug.”

‘DRUGOLA’

Coining a new usage, Senator Ted Kennedy (D.-Mass.) said that the giftgiving policies of many pharmaceutical firms smacks of “drugola.” Four former salesmen for the drug industry testified before his Senate subcommittee, on health that they had promoted their products by showering color t.v. sets, stereo systems, and other valuable gifts on doctors and pharmacists.

COCAINE CODA

Spokesmen for Chile’s new military dictatorship have denied that Chilean armed forces officers were involved in a \$300 million cocaine smuggling ring. This came in response to an announcement by Drug Enforcement Agency Administrator John Bartels that twenty-two people had been arrested—sixteen in Chile and six in the U.S.—for their part in the smuggling. The announcement said members of the Chilean Air Force and Navy, including a Navy chief petty officer attached to the Chilean Embassy in Washington were among those arrested.

Air Commodore Enrique

Montero, undersecretary at the Interior Ministry told journalists that the warrant officer involved “does not belong to the regular ranks.”

Mary Loos, daughter of Anita Loos, recently recollected the Hollywood dope scene of yore for columnist Earl Wilson. “Hollywood had narcotics pushers getting the stuff for you fifty years ago,” she said. “Wally Reid, the great lover of the screen, had a sugar bowl of cocaine on his dinner table!”

The former chief of the Chilean narcotics police was turned

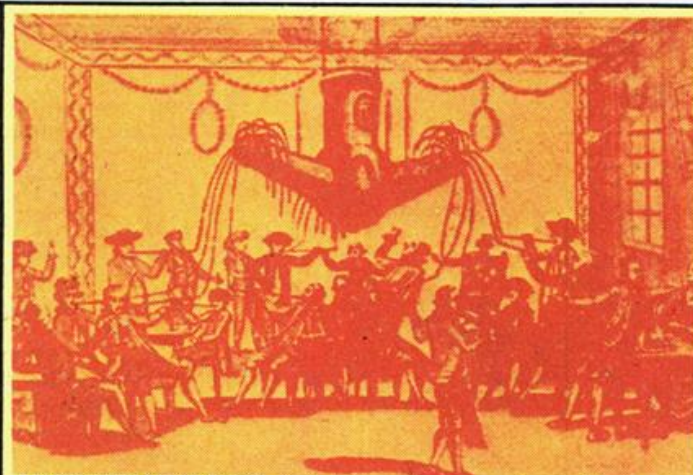
over to American authorities by right-wing Chilean military government for trial on charges of conspiring to smuggle cocaine into the U.S. Rafael Alarcon was indicted by a U.S. grand jury along with four other ranking officers in the Chilean Federal Narcotics and Gambling Brigade.

The indictment charges Alarcon with taking bribes of \$500,000 for guaranteeing safe conduct for Chilean cocaine smugglers from 1966 to 1971, the years he headed the police division.

Federal narcs are looking for an

alleged “cocaine ranch” near Son Luis in Sonora, Mexico. The ranch, which is allegedly used by smugglers to store cocaine, figured in the trial of Paul R. Arnpriester and two other alleged cocaine smuggler-dealers in the state. It is thought to be equipped with airport facilities for cocaine import-export activities.

According to the U.S. Customs Service, cocaine imports rose nearly 25 percent this year. The estimate is based on the seizure of 907 pounds of coke in 1974, up from 734 pounds in the previous year. A continuing upward trend in the cconomy is seen for 1975.



THE AGE OF REASON: Enlightenment sages gather in Vienna to smoke 36-man pipe, largest ever.

PIPE DREAM

Alan Ducoulombier of Toulouse, France, has set a new world pipe-smoking record by puffing away continuously for sixteen hours, thirty-eight minutes, and forty-nine seconds.

Ducoulombier surpassed the previous record of fourteen hours, twenty-eight minutes and forty-two seconds. Breathes there an American challenger?

Marijuana Militia

The Australian magazine *Nation Review* reports that farmers in parts of Australia have been raising marijuana as their major cash crop after unseasonal rains destroyed their tobacco crop. The Australian pot trade has grown into a multi-million dollar industry which is rapidly expanding despite police busts of farmers and smokers.

In one section about 100

miles northwest of Cairns, however, farmers are reported to have grown so fed-up with police raids, fines, and jail sentences that they have formed an armed militia to protect their marijuana fields. After a first hand look at the pot plantations, a reporter from *Nation Review* writes that the farmers are well-armed and mean business.

'Nation's Toughest Drug Law' Evaluated Here

209 persons have been convicted under former New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller's toughened drug law since it went into effect fifteen months ago. The law stipulates minimum sentences of one to fifteen years in prison with life parole in case of release.

The youngest offender arrested, Jerome Murphy, a six-

teen-year-old black, has been sentenced to life imprisonment.

Critics of the law point out that while it was supposed to have been aimed at "the big pusher," it placed the fifteen-to-life sentence on convictions for the sale of one ounce of heroin, which is not a "big pusher's" deal.

However, according to New York City Deputy Police Chief Daniel Courtenay, "a guy with one ounce of heroin does more damage than an individual with a machine gun at Times Square at high noon."

At any rate, heroin and cocaine are more available in New York City than ever before, and the arrest rate, which dropped slightly in the months following the enactment of the law, has risen again. The only apparent effect of the Rockefeller law has been to drive major hard-drug dealers further underground and force small dealers to take greater risks, thus inflating the price of heroin far above the high reached when Turkey banned poppy growing briefly in 1972-74.

High Awards

William B. Saxbe, in one of his last official acts as United States Attorney General, presented awards to two outstanding citizens on December 12. Assistant attorney general Henry Petersen, who was strongly criticized by the U.S. Senate for his handling of the early Watergate investigation, received the seventh "Attorney General's Award for Exceptional Service" for his "innovative approaches to law enforcement".

James P. Hunt, Associated Director of the New York Regional Office of the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration, was given the equally-coveted "Attorney General's Award for Distinguished Service" for preparing hundreds of successful cases against New York City and Long Island drug traffickers.

Donald Numedor of Jacksonville, Florida was dreaming of a white Christmas, but he spent the holidays in jail. When police found five four-foot marijuana

plants in Numedor's driveway, he explained that he was growing them to use the tallest as a Christmas tree. The judge gave him three months.



The International Cultivator's Handbook

by William Daniel Drake Jr.

Check, full of dope lore on cocaine, opium, and hashish; how to information: this guide to International Cultivation transcends the dope book market. At its very core it deals with new ways of being self-sufficiently in the new world with new attitudes and lifestyles. Bill Drake has probably been more responsible for the sophistication of a whole culture in the ways of those plants we know and love. Even more—he has educated hundreds of thousands in means of staying out of trouble in an extremely hostile system of outmoded mores. An important addition to alternative culture shelves. Bill Drake is the author of the bestselling *Cultivator's Handbook of Marijuana* (page 55) and *The Connoisseur's Handbook of Marijuana* (page 55). Illustrated with 35 photographs, 144 pages, 7 x 9 1/2, perfectbound, \$4.50, recently published.



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Unlike the public leaders and avatars of the psychedelic movement, Michael Hollingshead has until now remained essentially unknown. This year, Hollingshead's book *The Man Who Turned On The World* (New York; Abelard-Schuman, \$7.95) was published in its first American edition. The book received little publicity, but knowledge of its existence slowly filtered to interested people by word of mouth. The name of the man who turned on the world is unfamiliar to many and it seems paradoxical that Hollingshead is not a household word like Edison.

Michael Hollingshead guided Tim Leary, Dick Alpert, Bob Masters, and Jean Houston and countless others through their first trip. It is not an idle boast when Hollingshead says, "There is some possibility that my friends and I have illuminated more people than anyone else in history."

Interviewer Peter Stafford is the author of *Psychedelic Baby Reaches Puberty*, and he is the co-author (with Bonnie Golightly) of *LSD: The Problem-solving Psychedelic*.

High Times: Tell us about *The Man Who Turned On The World*. Did you choose that title?

Hollingshead: No, the publisher did.

High Times: It's a fine title. I imagine you might feel a little unhappy about it or wonder about it. I once made up a list of who I had turned on, and I wrote down two.

Hollingshead: Perhaps you've turned people on by your writing.

High Times: Perhaps; but you've turned on a number of significant people, people that have turned on many other people, don't you think?

Hollingshead: Well, only by virtue of having a particular batch of acid that did have a profound effect. In 1960, Aldous Huxley told me he had achieved amazing results with LSD, which was then, of course, completely legal. I got a doctor friend of mine to write an order for it, saying I needed the ergot-derivative as a "control drug" for a series of experiments.

High Times: Simple.

Hollingshead: Quite. A gram of Dr. Hoffman's acid was quickly sent from Switzerland in a small dark jar, along with a bill for \$285.

High Times: And is this the same batch that you turned on Leary with?

Hollingshead: Yes.

High Times: Did the LSD surprise you?

Hollingshead: It surprised me so much that I was impelled to do one of two things: either to throw the stuff in the East River and forget it or . . .

High Times: What was it that caused you to think twice about it?

Hollingshead: Well at first, I didn't think it was going to work. It was a gram and I was mixing it with the icing sugar. I had just been reading Jung's



essay on "The Spirit Mercurious." My magical essence was to be the alchemical quicksilver; this was the symbolism. I must have OD'd taking it because I was faced with a very existential question: Does one share this with one's fellows or does one get rid of it?

High Times: Did you think, Oh God, this is something special or did you think some other thoughts?

Hollingshead: Well, being a pragmatic philosopher who believes in reality, who understands reality to a certain degree, who had very strong evidence of the validity of the pragmatic process, I suddenly saw another world that was equally valid, that was equally knowable; even, that if you went there enough times, you could know your way about. It's what Huxley called the "Inner Hebrides". I had some aerial views of that landscape of the mind, those dimensions that lie outside time and space and history, four million years old. Then you struggle for a word and out comes "cosmic" for this experience. After many deeply moving trips, I felt that LSD had great potential for man, if he could learn to adapt it to his needs. Huxley urged me to go to Harvard to meet a Dr. Timothy Leary, who was working on the mental states induced by psilocybin.

High Times: So Leary was already using psychedelics when you first met him?

Hollingshead: He had tried psilocybin in the course of his experiments, but it was of the dosage that just makes you fantastically relaxed, with everything taking on a slightly technicolor aspect. They had a Harvard research grant, you know.

High Times: They spent about three million dollars.

Hollingshead: Sandoz did in synthesizing it. Sandoz was interested in it as a pill for possibly curing a headache or something like that.

High Times: They were particularly interested in the psilocybin though.

Hollingshead: Yes, because they had put out more money on that. The LSD had been a gift from the gods; it was discovered by accident.

High Times: There were many promising reports in the psychological literature. It was sort of like Miltown or something like that; they were going to cash in.

Hollingshead: They were looking for some kind of substance that you could take with relaxing effects. With 20 milligrams of psilocybin, you feel fantastically relaxed. And after four hours, you can take another one and you can continue. When I arrived with my 4,900 trips, Leary put me up in his house and we had many conversations about psychedelics, but Tim had no interest in trying acid. Then, one evening when Tim's close friends Maynard Fergusson, the jazz musician, and his wife Flo were visiting, I took LSD with them. The Fergussons loved it, and urged Tim to join in the fantastic time we were having. What happened to him next was the subject of the book *High Priest*. From that batch, he has written a fantastic volume of work. The pity is that, because of legal matters, he is not published by a good house. In his collected works, when they finally get edited, people will see, in fact, what an exceptional person he is. He was the front man.

High Times: How did that come about?

Hollingshead: He was the most intelligent of the group at that time.

High Times: Did you ever read his book? The earlier book with 64,000 categories of personality and all that?

Hollingshead: Yes. He started the Harvard Psychedelic Project. Twice a week we would go into the prison to make some studies. The Harvard group at that time also included Ralph Metzner who has also written a lot about psychedelics.

High Times: He also had this yage experience that I had out on the desert. Do you know Ralph Von Eckartsberg?

Hollingshead: Oh, yes. He's another one who I gave his first session to. He has written about it and developed ideas from it. Paul Lee who runs the William James Association in Santa Cruz is another one.

High Times: I had a trip with him too. How did it all develop with Billy Hitchcock of the Mellon family? You know that Harry Anslinger of the Federal Narcotics Bureau is of the Mellon family also. He married into it. He wanted a job from Mellon who was Secretary of the Treasury, so Mellon gave him a job with the Narcotics Bureau; he was an ex-prohibitionist.

Hollingshead: I never met Anslinger; I did meet Liddy. Hitchcock was a very insensitive person. He owned Millbrook. They had a herd of cattle and they were experimenting with this new food which was completely plastic. There were these piles of stuff which, at first, I thought was sawdust. Then it suddenly occurred to me that the place was barren of anything green. It was

like Belsen, a concentration camp in Germany. It was all unnatural, weird, scientific stuff. The animals had eaten every blade of grass.

High Times: What happened as a result of that?

Hollingshead: We tried to persuade Billy to reverse his policy; it was very difficult. He insisted that it was a scientific experiment.

High Times: How did he meet Leary?

Hollingshead: Through his sister, Peggy. Then, through tripping with Leary, Billy grew to like Tim. His sensation with Tim involved an awakening for him because he had been brought up in this ultra-conservative family. His mother lives in Gramercy Park, in an old house with paintings, dining tables, butlers, and servants, that kind of thing.

High Times: And then when Tim was homeless, Hitchcock got very interested, right? And he said that you could come to Millbrook. Is that what happened?

Hollingshead: Yes. Tim had been thrown out of Mexico at this point and then he'd gone to various Caribbean Islands. One of them was Dominica. This is a British island, primarily a banana-growing place, with a couple of shanty towns. Tim saw the Governor there and said he'd fix everything up on the island—through Hitchcock, through the Mellon family, they would build factories for the fishing industry and the fishing boats would take the cash to America. In any event, the British Governor gave them two hours notice to leave, and they came back to New York and they had nowhere to live. Then Peggy Hitchcock suggested the family 64-room mansion in Millbrook. It seemed like a lot of space; it was empty and large. Billy was agreeable. He said it would be \$500 a month rent.

High Times: Billy Hitchcock told me that he was involved in the making of LSD and sunshine.

Hollingshead: That's probably true, but he was also flying airplanes. I lost touch with him because I went to England. He went to California. At that point, there was a great change in his life because he left Wall Street; Wall Street was his last anchor. He moved to California and there he got involved with some people from the West Coast and some from the East Coast and one thing led to another. Today he finds himself accused of grafting on his friends and Tim stands accused of this also. It makes you wonder who your friends are these days.

Hollingshead: We hear reports and know that things are happening, but to say what effect it has had on Alpert, I really can't say. Until he and Tim and myself and George can sit down to talk this through, we'll still be unable to see what each other is doing.

High Times: You had a lot of experiences. How many years, fifteen years, something like that?

Hollingshead: I think that you are missing the point of what I was trying to say.

High Times: I forgot the point.

Hollingshead: Language. What I was trying to say is that in Sanskrit you may have two thousand words for describing

'One of the first reactions to taking LSD is how meaningless words are.'

things like high, trip, stoned, bombed, crashed. Just as in one of the Eskimo languages, you have 28 different words for snow.

High Times: Yeah, right.

Hollingshead: Now, pre-LSD, the English language was a bit like that—very empty of the sort of turn-on words, or words to describe heightened states of consciousness. Even today, as we know to our cost and downfall, if someone tries to describe their mystical experience, they end up writing a book that is too long, unwieldy, and reads sort of like a rambling long poem. The effect that LSD has had in our culture is mainly to be seen in language. You notice these things. If LSD hadn't dared to leap out of the stereotypic, rigid, hierarchical, vertical way we use language, then this claim couldn't be made that it has affected language. I think, however, that the changes in human sensibility are manifest in language and, for the culture of that period in the sixties are directly attributable to LSD.

High Times: Be more specific.

Hollingshead: I think that we have more words today for understanding the phenomenon of getting high than we had in 1960.

High Times: It's what you were saying about the Eskimos and snow.

Hollingshead: One of the first reactions to taking LSD is how meaningless words are. Talking during a session is very clumsy; every expression just falls on the floor like giant rocks. You can't really talk in a session; that's what we tried to explain to people beforehand, of course: "Please don't talk for two hours. If you do you'll get hung up on lines of meaningless word associations. Go beyond words." We found realms that Blake had perceived which went beyond words; he was a poet who wrote poetry beyond the words. He never got hung up on words; he didn't have a hierarchal system. He had never been educated to think in a certain way; he was freer. Dylan Thomas, too, had glimpses of these other realms, but it was just too late for Dylan to have LSD. He'd be alive today if he had had a session, no question. It's a slow developmental process for which we are now using a lot of Eastern words to describe it. For example, at its tritest level, "karma", everyone has a different definition of karma, but we use it. We have tried to read Lao Tzu, the Tao Teh Ching, the I Ching, and books that may offer a hint as to the other languages which exist side by side with this one, the Western language that we call English. It is the language that will get a rocket to the moon, but it cannot give reality to a dream. There's your problem.

High Times: Now, you spent some time in prison in England. How did that affect your consciousness?

Hollingshead: My twenty-one months made me realize that prison is really dedicated to the idea that we should think of ways to bring each other down, not up, and is thus the antithesis of the psychedelic revolution. Even though my Chelsea flat was a center for all kinds of psychedelic experimentation, and some undercover cops got stoned on an acid-spiked punch at one of our parties, I never thought we'd be arrested.

High Times: That sounds quite bizarre.

Hollingshead: Not really. I thought of myself as an actor in some grade B movie, I found the whole thing rather humorous. I've been told that the jokes I interjected in the proceedings cost me an extra six months. In any case, prison was a period of psychic suppression, relieved only when Richard Alpert and Owsley would visit with some acid-soaked grapes.

High Times: How do you think acid relates to all of this?

Hollingshead: I think acid is a phase in the cabaret. Acid can be comparably seen in one area, and that is language. I think that it gives us the vocabulary for telling about sublime human feelings and happinesses and about some of our enthusiasms of things that were felt, in adolescence, before. Some of the visions that we had as children, some of the thoughts . . .

High Times: But what about the experiences?

Hollingshead: Oh, the experience is like a car journey; it's like a rocketship.

High Times: Speaking of rocketships, you're one of the few people to try NASA's "space drug", aren't you?

Hollingshead: Yes, Dick Alpert and I are probably the only ones besides the astronauts. That all came about through a staff hypnotist with NASA, who came up to Millbrook to see how we ran our sessions. All the astronauts had taken LSD to prepare themselves for the weightlessness and disorientation they'd experience in space, and NASA wanted to see if it were true that we were having joyous LSD experiences. In the clinical psychiatric atmosphere of the laboratory, the astronauts' trips were anything but joyful.

Through the hypnotist, we were able to obtain some JB 118, the "space drug" officially on the secrets list. Dick and I took some and sat back to wait for it to come on. Wham!! It took effect immediately and I felt myself leaping across the room in backward somersaults. Then I had the absolute conviction that I was in a space capsule about the size of a tennis ball, far up in space. Suddenly, the door of the capsule opened and I was sucked down towards the earth. Then I remember a horrific sensation and a sudden lurch. It seems a parachute had broken my fall only a foot from the earth's surface. Observers said that the whole time I was spread-eagled on the floor, lying on my stomach.

I wanted to fly again and I was a crow. I started to caw and flap my arms. "Caw! Caw-caw!" I knew what it was to

be a bird. I flew around the house, brushing my black wing-tips over people's faces to see who they were. Finally, I was coaxed back upstairs with a piece of bread, and I nested until I finally evolved back into a man. The whole trip took about three hours.

Hollingshead: Well, I don't think there was any view. There was Tim's view; there was Michael's view. Everyone had views and they all went off to spread them throughout the land. That's why some of us don't take acid anymore and some of us are holy men, like Al Cohen who runs the Mehar Baba Group. I hear him say on the radio that he took acid for three years and it took him three years of understanding Mehar Baba to get off it. He was known as a "clean guru". After Tim had gone through campus, the Dean could always cover himself by having the "clean guru" come round afterwards to sweep up after him.

High Times: There was a Dean at Columbia who said that he thought that they ought not to graduate anyone who had not smoked pot because this showed so little interest in the outside world that they couldn't be a credit to the institution. What have you thought about the Castaneda books?

Hollingshead: I think that they're some of the best fiction that I've read recently. I think that they're very good. If by good you mean a heightened sense of reality. Would you believe in Don Juan?

High Times: I don't think that he's said anything that I could disagree with.

Hollingshead: Do you have a positive picture of what Don Juan looks like? Would you recognize him if you met him at the Greyhound Bus Terminal?

High Times: I would not. I certainly would not.

Hollingshead: Can I tell you what I know of Castaneda? I was staying at the Brotherhood Ranch and on this particular evening, I had gone up to the cave. We had a cave on the mountains overlooking Palm Springs and you could see all the lights of the place in the desert. Inside the cave you had lamps and you had all this fern and it was quite large, you know. It was high up in the desert and a big climb to get there. We used to celebrate each full moon up there, there was a lot of good acid and we ran the sessions along the lines of the Indian Peyote ceremonies. We'd all be seated in a circle around a blazing fire chanting or shaking an Indian rattle to ward off evil spirits; there would also be drums and guitars. Sometimes, one of the brothers would dance around the fire shouting incoherently as though touched with the "gift of tongues", though you'd hardly call us Pentecostal. In any event, it was one night while in that cave that I read Castaneda's first book in its thesis form as it was submitted for his doctorate.

High Times: I know someone who claims that he is an LSD casualty. What do you know about this?

Hollingshead: From that particular batch of LSD at Harvard there were no casualties. There were a lot of people who had it, including Ralph Van Eckartsberg, Paul Krassner, Saul Stein-

'I think acid is a phase in the cabaret.'

berg, and Dick Katz who has just written a book now.

High Times: Would you say that half the people have expressed themselves in books?

Hollingshead: Yes, that's why I'm trying to say that LSD is a dream experience, but the reality is the expression of it in the verbal sense.

High Times: But don't you think that it is true that people who have been turned on do talk through other people much more easily?

Hollingshead: Yes. They tend to be people more or less who turn to religion in one form or another. They talk about God a lot.

High Times: Can you think of any exceptions? Do you know anybody who took that original batch who became a car mechanic or some such thing and wasn't interested in anything other than cars? Who didn't turn to religion?

Hollingshead: No. I was saying that I experienced in this particular batch of LSD certain experiences which I subsequently shared with other people who were chosen for their intelligence, for their curiosity, for their ability to think and reason and each of them had a very overwhelming experience which has persisted to this day in one form or another. Sometimes the disguises are very complicated.

High Times: Do you think that they would say the same thing that you say?

Hollingshead: Yeah. But since 1965 I've tried to say that what is going around as acid is not really acid and it should be avoided. I spoke to Tim about this and that at our parting. I said, "Look, people who take this new stuff are just not getting the effects that we got." I had listened to many people who told me that they had taken LSD, but from their description it was a completely different journey. I asked Tim if he noticed this and he said no that it was all the same.

High Times: How do you account for the difference?

Hollingshead: I don't think that you will accept my hypothesis.

High Times: What is your hypothesis?

Hollingshead: The particular batch that he used was not what subsequently became the clandestine LSD.

High Times: Why do you think there is such a difference? Do you think that it is hard to manufacture?

Hollingshead: My little theory is there was one row of wheat or barley that had been impregnated in a certain way and it was that particular strain of ergot that was being used by Hoffman at that time.

High Times: I was talking to Osmond

once and he was saying that we ought to make it all chemically pure. I was basically insisting that we just ought to get the pure chemical. If we could get what is certifiably LSD-25 . . .

Hollingshead: There's only one man in the world that you can get that from and he is Albert Hoffman.

High Times: Have you heard about LSD-59?

Hollingshead: No. What's that?

High Times: They spent another 2 million dollars and they've come up with what they think in a better product. I don't think that they will release it. I've only heard accounts about it. I heard from two people who visited him who said that he was extremely enthusiastic about this.

Hollingshead: Yeah. The last three of his assistants just floated off through the roof. If you pass the Sandoz Chemical Laboratory in Basel, there is this very austere building with one stained glass window. Guess whose office that is?

High Times: Dr. John Beresford went and saw him and he said that he is right at the Alsace-Lorraine border. He looks down upon Basel; it's like a thousand feet below him. He thinks that his greatest contribution to humanity has been the growing of a particular flower, which has no psychochemical effect whatsoever. What he likes is the very pure color. It's a very tiny flower and that's what Hoffman thinks his contribution has been. How do you account for that?

Hollingshead: I can't. But the moments on LSD are essentially brief and then it goes back again; normally you are not subject to seeing things either as when you are dreaming or taking LSD. Therefore, LSD has no effect on your visual awakening in ordinary.

High Times: My feeling is that it has pushed us all into a Dostoyevskian world where we can be either Mitya, or Ivan, or Smerdyakov, or Dmitri, but basically there are all different worlds. However, they're all very intense worlds for one thing and they're all exceedingly interesting worlds.

Hollingshead: The world that I have opted for is absolute identification and unity with the commune movement. That is my family. I am not in the city for my family; I am in the city for other specific reasons. I'm now working as a management consultant, and have just been named a Tertiary of the Society of St. Francis. In addition to that I'm the Assistant Chaplain for the commune movement. I find more and more people who have taken LSD at some point earlier are also living in the cities, but yet when you try to talk to them about communes, farms, and growing your own food, and taking interest in the future, they are not really concerned at all. So in my ordinary life, I am a pragmatic realist. I live in the city and dream of the country. It is the best way I know to have the best of all possible best worlds. The only thing you have to realize, however, is that you can't live in both places at the same time. And choice involves risk. But it is the risk of living that makes us so supremely human. Bom Bom Bholanath! ☐

The Dope Defenders, Part I:

The Superlawyers

by Ron Lichty

Part II of the Dope Defenders will include a listing of dope attorneys and a piece on how to choose an attorney. We welcome information on good attorneys, but cannot serve as a referral service.

"Man, you're in trouble." The words send sharp pains to an already frayed stomach; they're an attorney's standard opener to a new client. And when the bust is for dope ("But they're just flowers; they grow in the *ground!*"), reality strikes deep. "Man, you're in trouble."

A variety of lawyers handle drug cases—public defenders, family attorneys and local criminal lawyers all deal with an occasional drug bust. But a dope lawyer is a special creature. The best can be counted on, time and again, to deflect the battering ram of the law.

No one knows exactly how many dope lawyers there are. Hundreds, at least. Maybe thousands. The American Bar Association doesn't recognize dope law as a specialty; there are no law journals devoted to it. Yet, in courtrooms across America, new decisions are handed down and new precedents set with a frequency that makes it one of the most

rapidly changing areas of criminal law.

The good dope lawyer reads every new ruling even remotely connected to dope cases. And he consults regularly with other dope lawyers to exchange information and work out new defenses. The ones who stay on top just keep getting better and better—and usually more and more expensive. They're beyond being just information brokers; they not only have information, they know what to do with it.

Unlike the majority of criminal lawyers (who might defend a burglar or a murderer), most dope lawyers empathize with their clients. A dope bust is more than just being innocent or guilty; it's a matter of being *wronged* by society. So it's no accident that most criminal lawyers handling dope cases are also involved with civil liberties.

In many communities, the dope lawyer has to have guts, too. Dope lawyers have been hassled and tailed and wiretapped and set up and busted. Along with paraphernalia manufacturers and retailers, they're the legal tip of the iceberg—the visible portion of the marijuana business community—a four billion dollar-a-year business.

But do dope lawyers smoke dope? Many of them do. Like the corporate lawyer who promotes his practice by golfing with his business clients, the dope lawyer often finds he can enhance

his client relationships by sharing smoke. Some believe in smoking. For others it's a daily routine. "I've smoked dope every day for the last six years and dropped acid every few months for the last four. You publish my name and I'll sue you for a million dollars," remarked one dope lawyer, who shall remain nameless.

Many dope lawyers don't smoke pot. Some have only an academic or political interest in drugs. Others fear being busted themselves, and having to fight both a trial and the bar association over their right to practice. And one lawyer commented, "I have enough problems with booze."

Dope lawyers are a diverse bunch. Some have been district attorneys and some have been public defenders. Some have waist-length hair and others could pass as legal counsel to Nixon. Some are soft-spoken and some are bombastic. Some get off on the illegal aspects and others remain staid and respectable. Some are astute, tough, brilliant and others are bumblers. And some are the most egocentric people in the world.

High Times has chosen ten attorneys who are highly respected by their peers for handling dope cases. They are not the ten best; there are many other good dope lawyers. We believe they're representative of many, many more. They're the dope defenders.

Leonard Rubin



Leonard Rubin has been a dope lawyer longer than almost anyone. "Back in 1961," says Rubin, who practices in New York, "when I first started handling dope cases, we were practically the only lawyers who would not lay this whole rap on you and reinforce what your parents were saying."

One of his first dope clients was Nick Sand, of orange sunshine acid lab fame, clear back in 1962. "When I met Nick for the first time," says Rubin, "I was walking through the courthouse, and Nick was standing there, talking to an older lawyer. The lawyer called me over,

and said to Nick—who was an eighteen-year-old kid then—"Look, I'm telling you that marijuana is definitely harmful, that it definitely leads to heroin use, and if you don't believe me, this young fellow is a former district attorney and he'll confirm it."

"I didn't know what to say to this older guy—he'd been nice to me and he liked me. But I said, 'Well, actually, from what I read, marijuana does not lead to heroin abuse, it's not harmful and that's an old wive's tale.' Well, Nick fired his lawyer right on the spot. Paid him what he owed him and fired him. Hired me."

Rubin's voice quietly floats across his antique wooden desk, small compared to the half-acre ones some lawyers prefer. A thick mustache, short hair and a bright flowered shirt give Rubin a mild appearance. His New York office, designed by a client, is styled with antiques, a mirrored wall, and black silhouetted windows with red tassled curtains. It distinctly resembles French Quarter New Orleans. But Rubin's thrown in a touch of incongruity: four

Indian prints, a three-foot hookah, and a penny bubblegum machine holding up one end of a row of law books.

Rubin's radical politics—he describes himself as an anarchist—were formed as a young child. "I remember," says Rubin, "being impressed by my uncle. When he saw a cop walking down the street, even though he was doing nothing wrong, he'd just take my hand and cross the street. I'd ask him why and he'd say, 'It's just as well to avoid contact with the Cossacks.'"

In 1957, Rubin became a prosecuting attorney in the DA's office. When he finally quit in 1960 to become a defense lawyer, he didn't intend to specialize. But Rubin and his partner, Bill Gold, began building a volume of drug cases.

In those days, it was the parents who were footing the bills and selecting the lawyers. "We were talking to parents in terms of, 'Well, it's never been demonstrated to be harmful. Now maybe your son shouldn't be dressed in a top hat with a beaver overcoat and yellow shoes carrying a rucksack with 300 pounds of

grass down Madison Avenue. Of course he'll be searched. But that's what he's doing wrong, not smoking grass.' We lost a lot of clients that way."

Many of those clients came back, though, after they became financially independent. New clients proliferated around the country and when Rubin couldn't try cases himself, he would select reliable local attorneys. "In the '60s, you would actually have to go and sit next to the attorney to make sure your client wasn't sold out, thrown to the

wolves."

Rubin has handled cases as small as possession of two joints. He's also handled some big ones. He represented Nick Sand in Colorado after Sand was arrested and charged with possession of an illegal laboratory in the back of a truck, allegedly used to manufacture acid. The whole case was dismissed on illegal search and seizure. And he handled a case involving eighteen pounds of cocaine and conspiracy to import hundreds more. His client was acquitted

after a jury trial. Rubin's also represented demonstrators and members of the Black Liberation Army and the Puerto Rican Socialist Party.

But to Rubin, the client is far more important than the case. "Bill Kunstler once said that he only takes cases where he loves the defendants. I'm not as extreme, and possibly not as fortunate," says Rubin. "But I would say I have at least identified closely with more than 80 percent of my clients. So I consider myself lucky."

Gerald Lefcourt

'The cocaine laws come from a 1930 medical text.

But the author of the revised 1970 edition supports our case.'

Gerald Lefcourt comes from a similar political mold. His New York reception office is strewn with underground and alternative papers, civil rights leaflets and movement books; leaflets, posters and stickers adorn the walls. The offices were carved from the raw space of one floor in an industrial building. It's a far cry from the poshy Wall Street firms.

It's a holiday, but some of Lefcourt's partners and a half dozen legal workers are already hard at work. Sneaker city! And every pair of legs in the place is clad in jeans. Then Lefcourt strides in, wearing a suit, sleeveless sweater, and tie.

Lefcourt grew up in Manhattan. "I went to Brooklyn Law School and then I went to NYU Law School and started a masters in taxation, if you can believe that," he laughs. "They had most of the classes at night, and one night, we had a cigarette break. It was sixty people and

we all went out into the hallway and a lot of people were smoking cigarettes. You could hear a pin drop. Nobody was talking to anybody. These were the most boring people I've ever met in my life. It freaked me and I quit. I went criminal."

Lefcourt tried his first dope case in '68, while working for the Legal Aid Society. The Society—New York's public defenders—represents several hundred thousand people each year. "At that time, about 20 percent were dope cases. There were around 140 of us, and we had caseloads that were astronomical. I remember one day I represented 200 criminal defendants in one day. We were clerks on an assembly line. We put a part on this human being as it floated by. The part was usually a guilty plea." The experience was so traumatic for Lefcourt that he began organizing a union to demand maximum caseloads. It got him fired.

His experience in private practice has been no less controversial, but it's been more widespread. Lefcourt has handled cases in places like Tucson, Chicago, Washington, New Jersey and Miami. He was burned out of his first office (the fire marshal called it arson) in 1970 in the middle of the Panther 21 trial, which he was handling. Most of his work, though, has been drug cases. "They're interesting. I love the Fourth Amendment (search and seizure, privacy, etc.). I love

Fourth Amendment litigation. And with 39 million people smoking marijuana, it's kind of ridiculous."

But Lefcourt has also filed a 250-page motion challenging cocaine's classification as a narcotic. The motion included thirteen affidavits from leading pharmacologists and medical people around the country. But to no avail. The court accepted the state's response, which consisted of one affidavit—the sworn testimony of the New York City medical examiner.

"Wilt Halpern, the medical examiner, turned around in his chair and pulled down his copy of Goodman and Gilman, a pharmacology textbook used in all the medical schools. He read the chapters on cocaine, he copied down some quotes from the book and he put it in his affidavit. And that was the gospel," Lefcourt says, his New York accent slurring through. "Except that the book had been put on that shelf 30 years ago. And the book has had seven revisions since. And the 1970 edition totally eliminated the language about cocaine that he quoted from. In fact, the author of the 1970 edition—Dr. Jerome Jaffe—gave us an affidavit supporting our position."

"It's only at the lowest level. It's not even on appeal because the case hasn't been tried yet. It's really just the beginning."

Michael Kennedy



San Francisco lawyer Michael Kennedy got into dope law for reasons even more political than those of Rubin and

Lefcourt. "I was doing a lot of First Amendment work and was branching out to predominantly antiwar work," says Kennedy, "when the government started using an important part of our culture—namely our desire to smoke flowers—as one of the ways of breaking political. That's when I became interested in dope. If they couldn't bust a guy like Plamondon from the White Panther Party for his political activities, which were driving the government crazy, they would plant something on him."

"I've been an opponent of this government almost as long as I've had a famil-

ilarity with it. The reason that I'm interested in defending people charged by the government with dope is because I want to undercut the government's political base and their use of dope as a phony enemy. The enemy's not dope. The enemy's the goddamn police force."

Kennedy started practicing law in 1963, exclusively handling personal injury work. He left that job a few years later to become staff counsel of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee in New York, where he gained a reputation for military and draft work. It wasn't until 1969, when Kennedy moved back to San

Francisco, that he got heavily involved in dope cases. And after he took over Leary's appeal in 1970, the dope cases flooded in.

While many lawyers have handled cases outside the U.S., Kennedy and partners actually developed an international practice, setting up and operating an office in France for several years (run by partner Michael Tigar). "It was a paralegal, quasilegal job," says Kennedy. "In most of the foreign experiences, you don't end up in court. What you're there to try and do is develop as much pressure as you can to get the individual out. We bug the congressman; we try to get the parents to contact as many influential people as they can; we bug the Senator, the ambassador, the counsel; we try to develop local

pressure. It's really more of a political than a straight legal activity."

But Kennedy has taken cases into overseas courtrooms, too. In one case in Sweden, his arguments were simultaneously translated into Swedish by an interpreter specially trained in technical law terminology. Some of his bigger U.S. cases have had an international flavor, as well: charges have ranged from smuggling hash in Himalayan bear cages from Nepal to smuggling hash plates—made to look like fine China—from Afghanistan. Kennedy was chief counsel on the biggest acid conspiracy case—the Sand-Scully case. And he and Tigar represented Michael Boyd Randall—one of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love defendants—filing 75 separate suppression motions in that case

alone.

Kennedy's seen some significant changes since he tried his first dope case. "There's been an increased tolerance in the judiciary, an increased tolerance among juries and the citizenry abroad, an increased viciousness on the part of the police and increased imagination on the part of dope dealers."

It was his clients who turned an old townhouse into the beautiful offices Kennedy now occupies. They laid bricks, put up wallpaper, put in floors and walls and planted flowers. Inside and out, the house is bright red: red desks, red typewriters, red clock, red saloon doors, red woven waste basket and red dictating machines. A bright red sign planted in the lawn out front reads: Michael Kennedy, Attorney.

Michael Stepanian



Across town, there's no sign outside the old white townhouse, but inside there is. "Drugs" flashes a neon sign in two-second bursts. Beyond is Michael Stepanian, a big, affable, boisterous, flamboyant Armenian bear of a man.

Stepanian's office reflects his character—a huge room, high-backed chairs (from an early client), a squash court-size desk, chandeliers, fireplace — it looks like Texas. Stepanian — droopy mustache, curly black hair, red bow tie, black vest and suit over white shirt, huge ring, stogie in one hand, beer in the other, feet on the desk, body rocking forward and back in the big leather chair.

A book (*Pot Shots*), lavish parties, articles in the rock press, a position on NORML's advisory board and a voice which, some contend, was responsible for the last San Francisco earthquake

have made Michael Stepanian one of the best-known dope lawyers in the U.S. "I got my first dope case in January of '65 and tried it in '66," Stepanian booms. "It was a very famous case in Marin County in which the defense was, 'It was my brother's pants' (where the dope was found). That's how it started."

When the Haight became the place to be, Stepanian was there. "We did hundreds of cases in 1967 for the Haight-Ashbury Legal Organization—HALO, it was called. We gave free legal aid, and they paid the rent on a big house and the Grateful Dead practiced upstairs. We did a regular job during the day, working like regular people. Then at night we went to the Haight-Ashbury, and there were hundreds of kids represented and we did millions of cases. Anybody who we represented that summer gets a free ride here, automatic, no matter what. That's our policy."

"I got three rules in order to represent somebody. Three rules. I never deviate from them in all these years. One, they can never turn over on anyone else. Never to testify against anyone else. That's the rule. Two, they never run away. Three, they never lie on the stand. And four, which is a subsidiary rule, they don't drive me crazy with phone calls."

"We don't represent punks. He's got

to be a good old boy or woman. If he's an asshole, forget it. There is *nothing* that will make me represent an asshole. That's why I don't do organized crime. We don't need money in San Francisco. We're kinda cool. I walk down the street happy. So I mean what? I mean what? I need \$3500 to represent some asshole who's gonna drive me crazy and give me trouble sleepin' at night? Forget it. We don't need money. A six-pack of beer is only \$1.25."

Stepanian was a high school tough until truancy and terrible grades got him kicked out. After jobs at assorted folk clubs, he finally finished school at Boston University and ended up in San Francisco in 1965.

Since then, he and law partners Brian Rohan and Kayo Hallinan have handled rock musicians, underground cartoonists, artists, and smugglers in places from Puerto Rico to Jamaica, Tijuana to Baltimore. When the time came to divide the practice, Stepanian took the dope cases (as did Hallinan; Rohan took the artists and rock stars). "It's fun for me, I get into interesting smuggling networks. I meet new guys, different entities, different concepts. It's good, the clients are cool, I like the guys, I like the women, it's fascinating, I know it. I know what's happening. And I'm honest."

Mike Metzger



"I really do not want to be called a dope lawyer," says San Francisco attorney Mike Metzger. Talk with him for an

hour or two and you discover he really isn't one. He's a very tough, aggressive criminal lawyer who happens to be handling drug cases right now and may do something completely different a year from now. Metzger wants to keep his options open.

With a touch of grey in his hair and dressed in a bleached denim shirt, jean bellbottoms and white sneakers, Metzger looks like the man in the Marlboro ads. And like the Marlboro man, he's tough, rugged and relentless.

Metzger got his start as a New York DA in 1963. Over the next five years, he

captured headlines again and again, handling some of the stickiest cases in the office. Brothers of legislators, aides to judges, corrupt city officials and Mafia chieftains all fell before Metzger's zeal. "I was a knight on a white horse, working for the people," says Metzger.

Then he moved to the U.S. Attorney's office in California, where he suddenly found himself prosecuting 18 year olds for not registering for the draft or for doing dope. "It just didn't set well with me. That's not what I'm all about."

Metzger had already turned down his father's multi-million-dollar ironing

board cover business. "I could have made a lot more money than I could ever make as a lawyer, but I was uninterested in the product." So when the prosecuting business became distasteful, he opened his own office the next week.

His first client was Jim Gurley, lead guitarist of Big Brother and the Holding Company. "He and his wife had been up in Sonoma County on the Russian River and he had a heroin habit and she did too and they both shot up and she died. So they charged him with homicide. We walked him."

Metzger proved to be as able a defense lawyer as he had been a prosecutor. He came up with one hypertechnical-legal defense after another, plus the occasional spice of a courtroom surprise. In one of those, he convinced the judge to make an unprecedented ruling and require the chief prosecution witness—a

narc—to undergo lie detector tests.

The narcs had hated Metzger before, but this was too much. They busted him. "They made up an informer who had made up a story and got a made-up search warrant and planted some made-up evidence. Ultimately the case was dismissed. It was an interesting experience."

Metzger currently has law practices in both California and New York. He has tried cases all over the country and handled cases in France, Crete, Greece, Spain and Colombia. "Guys get ripped off all the time overseas," Metzger says grimly. "The advantage of having a decent American lawyer who's concerned about the guy is that he's going to go over and he's going to rap with this lawyer and he's going to say, 'Stop the shit.' Because most lawyers overseas are full of shit. They don't really practice

law—there is no law. Everything is in one book."

Metzger claims to be the father of the three-species defense. "They're all based upon the original work that we did in '71, which was convincing Harvard professor Richard Schultes that there was another species of the genus cannabis—that it was a multi-species genus. And that's where this whole thing came about." Metzger won an acquittal last year in Miami with the defense and is currently using it in a California appeal.

Metzger glances down at his D.A. badge, mounted on a desk plaque. "It's hard to be a lawyer and do any kind of decent job," he says. "When you start doing a volume business, your quality is going to be shit. It's either Woolworth's or Saks Fifth Avenue. There's nothing in between."

George Goldstein

'The only lawyer who's never lost a case is Perry Mason. That's because his clients are never guilty.'

The story in Philadelphia is that George Goldstein has never lost a case. "It's a vicious rumor," says Goldstein with a laugh. "The only lawyer who's never lost a case is Perry Mason. That's because his clients are never guilty."

Goldstein looks like a snowman come to life. Bald on top, his fringe of hair extends to his collar. He's a cherubic guy, delightful and quick, with a tremen-

dous sense of humor. Like many attorneys, Goldstein takes a patriarchal attitude toward his clients: dope is trouble—stay out of it.

His office is a very tasteful and expensive brownstone in the old section of Philadelphia. Clients have noted that it looks more like a head shop than a law office. Hookahs and coke spoons, hash pipes, rolling papers, vials, sniffers and snorters are all on display, the implements of his various cases, used for demonstration in court. The office itself is appointed with a melange of Brazilian leather, African woods and old, expensive brass and silver.

Goldstein tried his first drug case in 1964, two years after he began practicing law. Dope work didn't become a significant portion of his caseload though, until '67 or '68. Since then, he's been called on to handle cases all over the country.

The one client Goldstein won't handle is the smack pusher. "I was involved as a founder of HELP in Philadelphia (a local youth crisis hotline) and was chairman of the board for two-and-a-half years. As a result of that—helping people with all kinds of problems—we do not represent heroin pushers unless they are junkie-victims. We felt it would be hypocritical and bad karma."

Goldstein has tried cases involving large quantities of nearly every kind of drug. "One case that I won involved 30-some pounds of hash where the police claimed there was a fire somewhere. They went with the firemen to an apartment where they claimed they smelled burning hash or something. They went in, and we had it all thrown out."

"We're prepared when we go to court," says Goldstein. "We're prepared on all the issues and all the angles. And we don't cop pleas."

Bob Knott

'I was told to cut my hair — that I might get disbarred. So I grew my hair down to my waist.'

Bob Knott lives in a 120-year old adobe house on a small farm near Albuquerque. He milks goats, raises chickens, geese, and vegetables and makes his own cheese and yogurt. He's also a dope lawyer. His office downtown—a six-foot rolltop desk, carved oak furniture, a cut-crystal chandelier, bay windows and Ming Dynasty furniture—is directly across from the Albuquerque narcotics division.

One of Knott's current cases has been called the largest drug bust in history. It happened in Seattle. "The papers refer to it as the Northwest Connection," says

Knott, with a sweet southern drawl. "They say it was a \$1.6 billion drug operation — amphetamines, cocaine, grass, hash. The narcs said they were dealing in a half a million amphetamines a day. So the scope's enormous."

Knott's also handled one of the largest marijuana busts in the country. His client, along with a half dozen others, was accused in Seattle of moving 55,000 pounds of marijuana—27½ tons.

Knott grew up in Albuquerque, but left for a California law school. In 1966 he became a prosecutor in the D.A.'s office. "I didn't handle any prosecution of drug cases, though" says Knott. "I had an understanding when I went in that I would not have to handle drug cases."

Knott did handle drug cases—as a defense lawyer—almost as soon as he left. "It was exciting to me and I'd sort of been a rebel, you might say. Not really intentionally, but I didn't want the system to mold me into what they wanted. I was told to cut my hair—that I might get disbarred. So I grew my hair

down to my waist. I figured if they're going to disbar me over my hair length and the fact that I ride a chopper motorcycle and drive a Rolls Royce—it was a gold Rolls Royce with a telephone in it. . . ."

Knott does most of his own investigative work. In one case he solved a murder his client was falsely accused of. "It took me two days, I rented a plane, flew to Colorado, ran down a guy, ran down leads. I let my beard grow, posed as a junkie and tried to make a score of heroin in Corches, Colorado. That's how I got the guy."

Knott has also handled Mexican cases. "Money doesn't buy you out of anything in Mexico," says Knott. "You can put down \$50 million and you won't get out unless you have the right people working for you. If you can turn the President's ear toward you—Echevarria—or the attorney general will hear you, you're going to get some results. If you don't get your story to the top people, you're just going to be peddling backwards."

Henry Florence

'Two years later, we were still in preliminary hearing. So the word got out that there was somebody who knew how to defend somebody.'

Phoenix attorney Henry Florence practices in the Southwest, too—almost exclusively there. In fact, most of his practice is confined to Arizona. That has its advantages, one of which is the informant defense.

"When you deal with a big case, you're also dealing with informants that are in a serious position of actually being burned," says Florence. He sounds, his voice alone, *very impressive, very heavy*. "The informant is someone who has

been in the home of the resident within 24-48 hours prior to the issuance of the search warrant."

"You handle the volume I do, I have what I call my master list of 60 to 70 informers. I'm probably the only person in the state that knows. When I have determined who the informant is, I will go to the officer in charge of the investigation and say, "Officer So and So, I might subpoena Sam Jones in the case. If you'd rather me not subpoena Sam Jones, I'd appreciate it if we might get a dismissal in this case." Florence smiles, "I've had six cases dismissed because of the information I had on one informant alone!"

Florence began practicing law in Window Rock, Arizona, in 1962. He was hired by the Navajo Indian Tribe to defend Indians at the time and was forced by sheer volume to run his practice like a legal clinic. A year later, Florence moved to Phoenix to become a prosecutor,

where he tried his first drug case.

In 1967 Florence changed sides. "We had a girl working for us whose step-dad was a rather notorious alleged dope dealer. He got arrested, so she asked me to go see her dad, whose name was Jack the Bear, and I undertook his representation. Something like two years later, we were still in preliminary hearing. This was in the days when a preliminary hearing was a half-hour proceeding and a walk-through. So the word got out that there was somebody who knew how to defend somebody."

Florence has a flamboyant look about him. Maybe it's the red hair, gigantic handlebar mustache and twinkling blue eyes. Or maybe it's the office, done in wild yellows and blues, and the Italian sofa and plants everywhere. Or maybe it's the orange Porsche 911-T parked out front. Whatever the reason, the effect is heavy duty. Says Florence, "We call ourselves dope lawyers, OK?"

David Michaels

'Too many attorneys are willing to see higher penalties enacted and play little or no role in changing or improving the law. I disapprove.'

David Michaels' New York office is littered with legalization materials,

newsclips and brochures. A dozen books on pot vie for space on his shelves. Michaels is the guy who brought *Amorphia* to New York years before it merged with *NORML*. As a New York State Bar Association subchairman, he drafted its positions on decriminalization and study of sale. "Too many attorneys are all too willing to see higher penalties enacted and to play little or no role in changing or improving the law. I disapprove," says Michaels.

He started in civil law on Wall Street, but found himself being increasingly drawn to criminal work and drug law. He served as drug and criminal counsel to

the Woodstock Festival and became editor of a short-lived legal periodical called the "Drug Law Bulletin"—the first effort to bring together the field of drug law across the country. When he couldn't stand Wall Street any longer, he dumped his job and, after a brief stint at legal aid, opened his own practice.

"Dope law is a field particularly concerned with the dividing line between freedom and repression. Lester Maddox once said that the jails aren't going to get any better until we put a better class of people in them. But I am fond of saying, 'You meet better people in criminal law than in corporate law.'"

Joseph Oteri



"I was the first and I'm the best," says Boston attorney Joseph Oteri, leaning back in one of the plush chairs of his modernistic Boston office a few hundred feet from the courthouse. "The first case brought in the United States to legalize marijuana—I brought it. And James D. St. Clair—who was President Nixon's special counsel—was appointed by the government as a special prosecutor to prosecute the case. It was the first real airing as to what marijuana was all about."

"The defendants were Joseph Weis and a fellow named Leis. Weis and Leis," Oteri laughs. "I blew \$26,000 of the firm's money on it—the kids didn't have a quarter. We brought in experts from all over the world. It was all a pre-trial motion to dismiss. And then we took it to the appeals courts—and, of course, lost it all the way. But as a result of that we changed the laws in Massachusetts, reducing marijuana—includ-

ing sales—from a felony to misdemeanor level."

That was in 1967. Oteri had been practicing law since 1958 and trying pot cases since '64 or '65. He grew up in Boston and almost became a priest, but "I didn't have the strength of character." He went into the Marine Corps, instead, becoming a legal officer during the Korean War. That led him to law school. It took a different set of influences to lead him into dope law.

"I got interested in marijuana because all the kids used to tell me there was nothing wrong with it. You've got to remember my background. I'm an Italian Catholic, Jesuit-educated, and a Marine Corps captain. For Christ's sake, I thought marijuana—you shot it in your arm and became an addict. What the hell did I know about marijuana?"

He soon found out. A couple of kids supplied him with a book on pot. It aroused his intellectual curiosity so much that he spent the next six months studying with Dr. Joel Fort, a leading expert on marijuana. "We came to the conclusion that marijuana was a relatively harmless substance. And we decided that we'd change the insane laws."

So Oteri tried the Weis and Leis case and many more, all over the country. He started writing articles, gave about 60 lectures at colleges, appeared as a guest on almost every major talk show (including a two-hour marijuana special on the

"Today Show") and spent a year playing the first advocate on PBS's "The Advocates" TV series.

Somehow Oteri still found time to practice dope law as far away as England and the Caribbean. He filed an amicus curiae brief in a Tim Leary case which led the Supreme Court to throw out the presumption that all grass is imported. Oteri is currently handling a case involving over 100 tons of pot and a Supreme Court challenge to IRS seizures.

"I consider myself a bridge between the outcasts and society. My function is to see that the outcasts don't get *fucked* by society." Oteri thoughtfully strokes his full salt-and-pepper beard.

"They'll probably land on me, one day," he continues. "It's the price you pay. I think every good trial lawyer in the United States has been indicted and tried at one time or another—Earl Rodgers, Clarence Darrow, Lee Bailey." Oteri pauses and chuckles, "It adds an element of interest to your work. It's not a place for the weak of heart, I'll tell you."

"I think it was Webster who said, 'For a trial lawyer, an unpopular cause is a post of honor.' I don't say that very often, because it sounds very pompous, but it's one of the things most good trial lawyers live by. And you certainly can do more for freedom."

So, too, the dope defenders. ■

SHUT UP AND DEAL



LOSSABIAN

Dope. To some, it's the holy sacrament for getting high. To others, dope is also a commodity, a stack of chips in the exhilarating lifegame of the Seventies, a contest of chance-and-skill where winners retire to ranches in the Yucatan and losers end up in the slam. For real.

The Dealer. We all know him: the guy with the National rent-a-truck in his driveway who takes long vacations with scads of expensive luggage, only to return the next day without a tan. To the outsider, this happy stiff (who always has the most nubile 16-year-old wheeling his Mercedes 280 SL) lives the life of Riley. Never works, always has plenty of money and excitement, not to mention the best dope.

(continued on next page)

But of course, it's not all that easy. The suitcase profession has its travails. Dealing is a complex mix of contradictions, a high energy, incredibly intense, laid-back *waiting game*. Waiting for that connection in the sky, waiting for manna from heaven—a modern *cargo cult* that can produce the green stuff dreams are made of—money. In America money talks, God listens, and there are both winners and losers.

Being a dealer, then means making fifty grand smoking Afghani primo in your fat cat apartment while those closest to you are either broke or in jail. Fun, huh? Watching your "brother" sweat out a life sentence. Draining the right-on dude across the street of everything he owns; or dropping a dime on the whole deadbeat crew for exclusive rights to a load from Panama. Right on! Far out!

Some people (non-dealers and dealers alike) can't get enough of it. Good news, you Colson freaks who would run down your grandmother for ten pounds of coke: have I got a deal for you!

Dope parlor games a la Monopoly. Dealer board games with get-rich-quick strategies and unexpected pitfalls, just like real life. Now you can win and lose millions and never dirty your hands. Or you can sharpen your skills, if that's your bent. Or you can play for real money, and turn in that rent-a-truck for the last time.

Feds 'n' Heads is a good place to start. Born on the pages of *Playboy*, it is now a *Playboy* merchandised spinoff. If Inna-Gadda-Da-Vida is still your fave disc and a quarter-ze of hash a big score, well, dime bagger, this game is for you. Everyone's stash at the beginning is one hundred dollars, which at today's prices might buy a pound of sugar, but hardly a pound of grass.

Perhaps the best way to play Feds 'n' Heads is to bring your own hundred dollars, real booty, and roll 'em, sucker. Playing the game involves jumping around the board, meeting neat people with trippish names like Dealer McDope,

Groover McTooher, John D. Ghettofeller, etc. You may also end up in lame locales like Straight Street (get it?), Way-Out Willies, or a college campus (these days, I guess the campus visit is for a rest). The ultimate goal of Feds 'n' Heads is to arrive home, which if you dwell in a dump like mine, isn't too thrilling a prospect. Sometimes I think the hippest square on the board is jail. Maybe because I keep landing there. Anyway, this is an enjoyable game, but it's just a warm up.

Moving up to a more professional level is Beat the Border, produced by an enterprising outfit in Tucson, Arizona (aha!). This is basic dealing; each player-dealer begins with a grand and shuttles across the border between Mexico and the U.S. They neglected to include the perils of Operation Intercept (or visits by President Ford to Nogales) but then who was G. Gordon Liddy, former kingpin of Operation Intercept, back in '71 when this game was copyrighted? The real drawback of Beat the Border is that there are many ways to lose, but few ways to win. In that respect, it's quite realistic. For example, you're on "Chicken fight" — win two hundred dollars." A roll of four on the dice drops you in Muskogee, Oklahoma. A roll of five gets you hooked on junk—lose one turn. It's a nod either way. Also, the cops are priced too cheap. I mean, where in Mexico can you bribe a policeman with a hundred dollars? For jaywalking, si; multi-kilo smuggling, sorry. But a fun game, all in all.

Dealer McDope, who made a cameo appearance in Feds 'n' Heads, now stars in his own show, the Official Dealer McDope Dealing Game. Both this and Feds 'n' Heads were designed by underground cartoonist Dave Sheridan. His illustrations are fraught with West Coast kitsch, but his rules resemble nothing so much as a Dostoevsky novel—extremely complicated. The authors suggest the players read the rules before becoming stoned. Indeed.

Dealer McDope contains sections dealing with Movement, Busts, Karma, and Dealing. Each is an important factor in the action, and if you can handle all this, you're probably ready for the real thing. A good game for honing skills, in other words. The delicate intricacies of informing, busting and ripping off your opponents are numerous and must be optimized to win. The rules admit the game can be an all day affair. In fact, one way to be a winner is to be "the last dealer to remain conscious during the 48 hour Time Warp version." An author's note adds, "The rules are for the geared-down Consciousness I level. This includes most officials in government and law enforcement. If you are Consciousness III or higher, you want the original uncensored McDope rules." In my opinion, if you are Consciousness III or higher, you're bananas. McDope may be for you, either way.

Scam, the last of this quartet of dope games, is put out by Brown Bag Enterprises of Berkeley, California. The instructions are eminently simple. Each player begins on a square marked "Drop out of college, collect \$1,000" which is located on "The Ave." To leave the Ave, a player must purchase a plane ticket to his/her destination. The idea of starting small and collecting "connection cards" with each score promotes fast moving play. The dealer-player buys tickets to New York, Mexico, South America, Afghanistan or wherever with the object of making one million dollars. (Scam is out front.) It is also the only game where a player can land on Uranus if he flips out, not uncommon in the trade, I understand. There is also India for the weary, and Limbo, where there are no busts and no paranoia. And there is always the old klunkerino—jail. Every board game seems to have one.

A spinner determines the outcome of each transaction in Scam, and you have the option of busting an opponent if you land on his/her square. Off-the-board deals are encouraged and thicken the plot considerably.

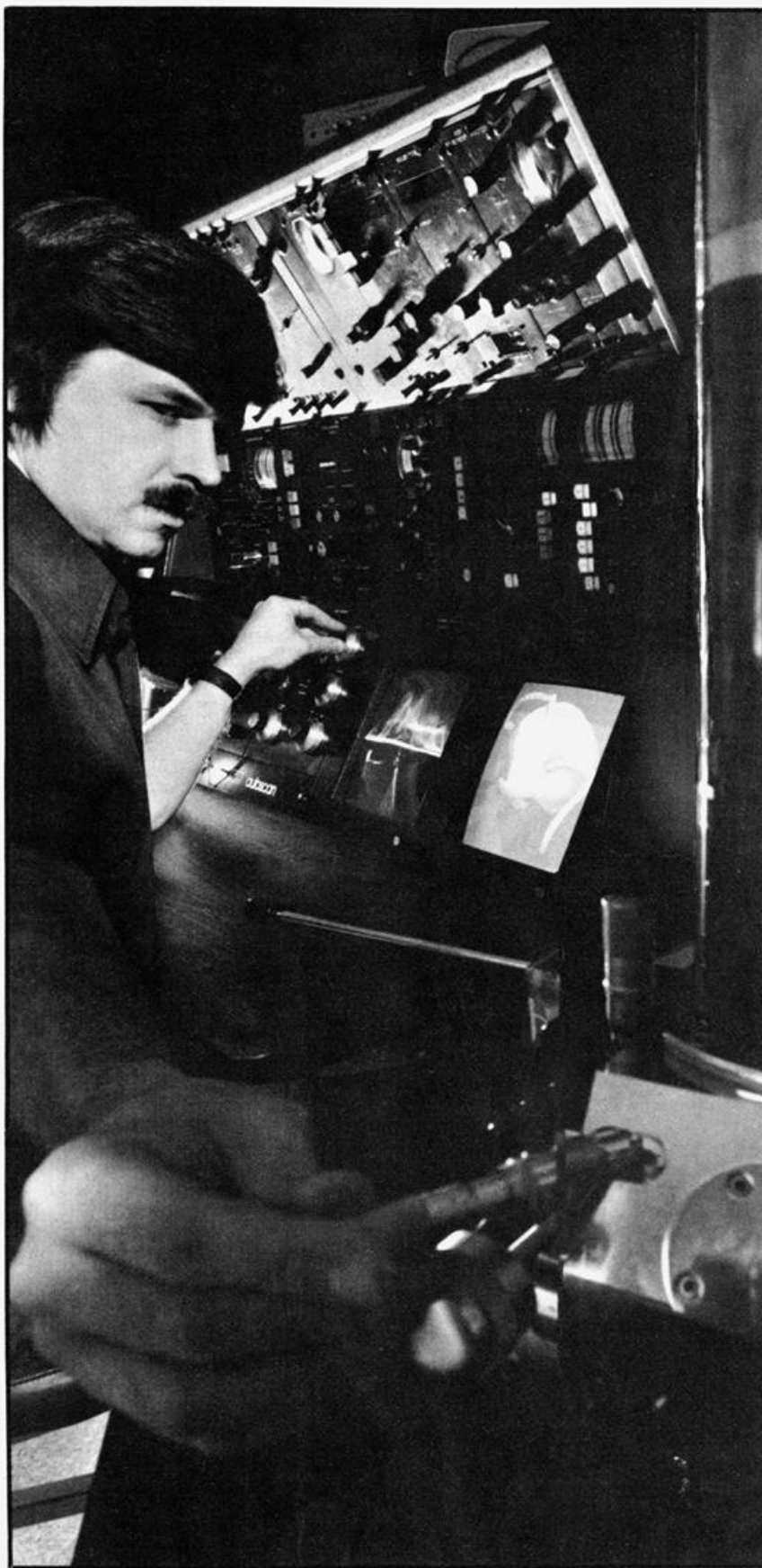
Of the lot, Scam was the fastest and most fun for me. It is a flexible game with changeable rules, but its basic simplicity and instant playability are what make it fun. Fun, in case you forgot, is what it's all about.

If parlor games are your cup of tea, perhaps you would enjoy the perils of dealing more than selling plastic houses on Boardwalk and Park Place. Plenty of people have made the switch, after all. And you can always give Feds 'n' Heads, Beat the Border, Dealer McDope, or Scam as a novelty gift that will elicit a stoned giggle from the recipient, and just possibly a welcome relief from waiting for the phone to ring. Or, you can always forget the games completely and use the dice to shoot craps, while hanging the boards up next to your Dennis Hopper poster. But if you're going to play them, I recommend one extra rule found nowhere in the official rule books: no guns. Some people take these games seriously. ☐



IS REYKJAVIK READY FOR IT?

After 162 hours of continuous play there are no moving parts.



HIGH POWER

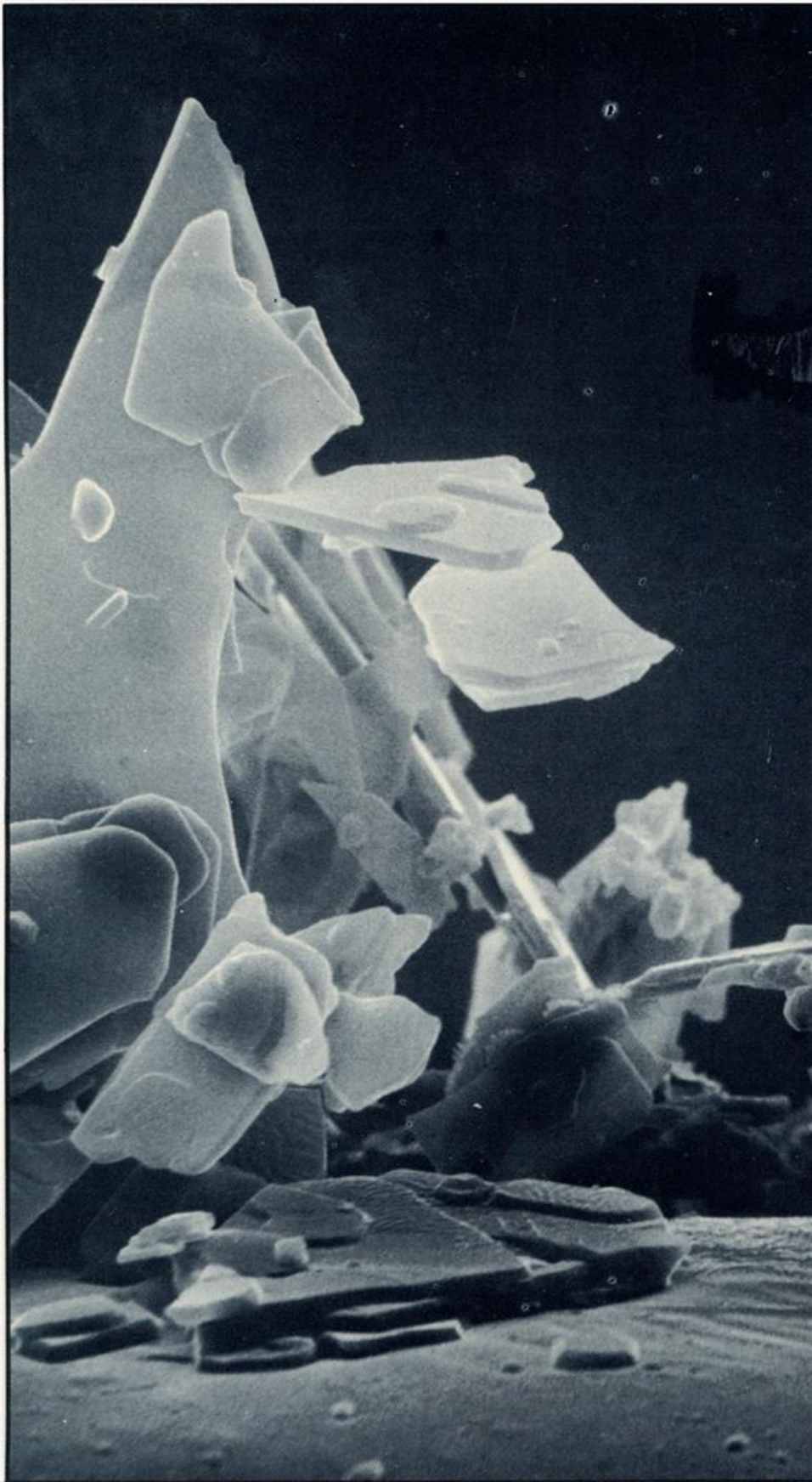
Dopesters love to exaggerate, but Mike McCoy is the first guy who's gone into the business. His company is Electron Graphics and they're experts at magnifying dope to thousands of times its normal size. In this inflationary age, it takes a real artist to pull that off.

A veteran of fifteen years in the aerospace industry—including stints on numerous major NASA projects—forty-one year old McCoy decided to "combine the world of graphic art with that of aerospace technology." The result of that historic encounter is a veritable hi-fi performance for the naked orb or, in Guy Peeleart's phrase, "rock for your eyes." In this case rock cocaine, but don't worry, it's all for scientific research.

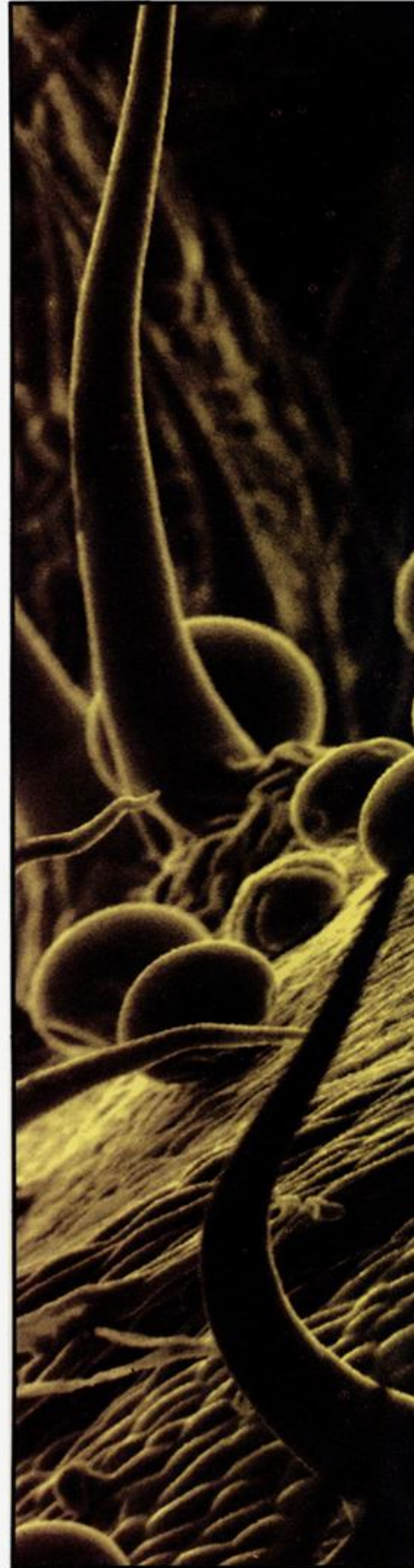
The secret of the incredible photos on the following pages is Electron Graphic's unique Scanning Electron Microscope, which costs \$90,000. Unlike optical microscopes, or even conventional electron microscopes, the SEM produces photos with remarkable three-dimensional qualities; the dynamic images of magnified cocaine crystal, cannabis flowers and resin nodules are the result.

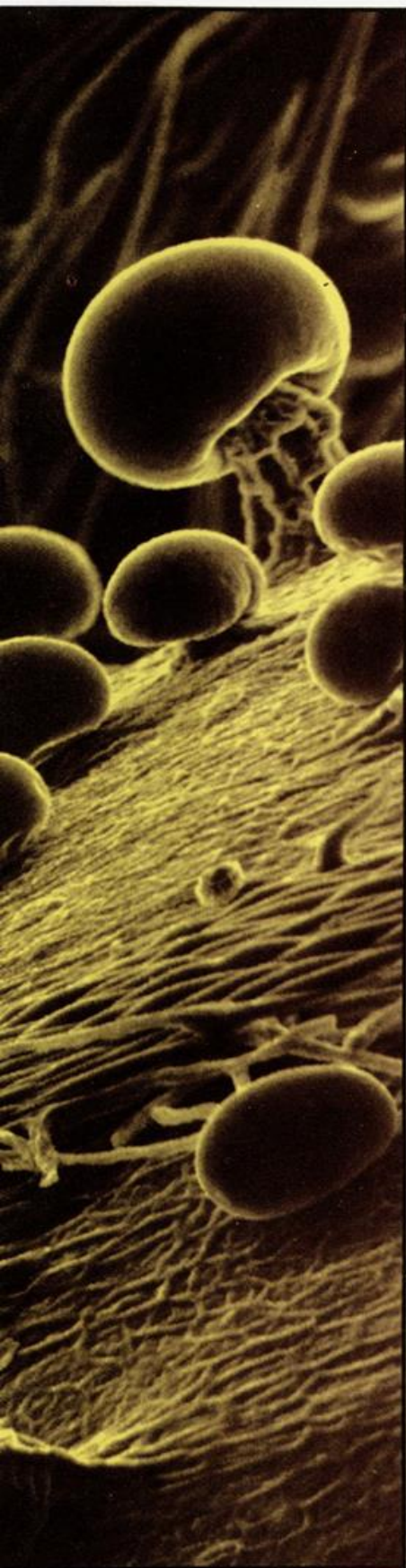
"The tremendous depth of field," writes McCoy, "and startling clarity of these electronically produced images provide the viewer with the texture and form, shading and highlights experienced in the macroscopic world of everyday life. Thus it gives the feeling that the viewer is reduced in size and placed in a microscopic world rather than one of the subjects being enlarged. Even more exciting is the idea of expanding the limits of man's awareness to such a degree that we will apprehend its infinity whether we look inward at our own world or outward to the reaches of space."

Electron Graphic pictorials are scheduled to appear in Ramparts, Oui, and Rolling Stone. But here first in **High Times** is a sampling of the lavish and beautiful microscopic world of highs. Full color electron photos of grass, coke and hash are available in poster form, suitable for framing. For more information write Electron Graphics, Inc., 8302 Barnsley, Los Angeles, Cal. 90045. □

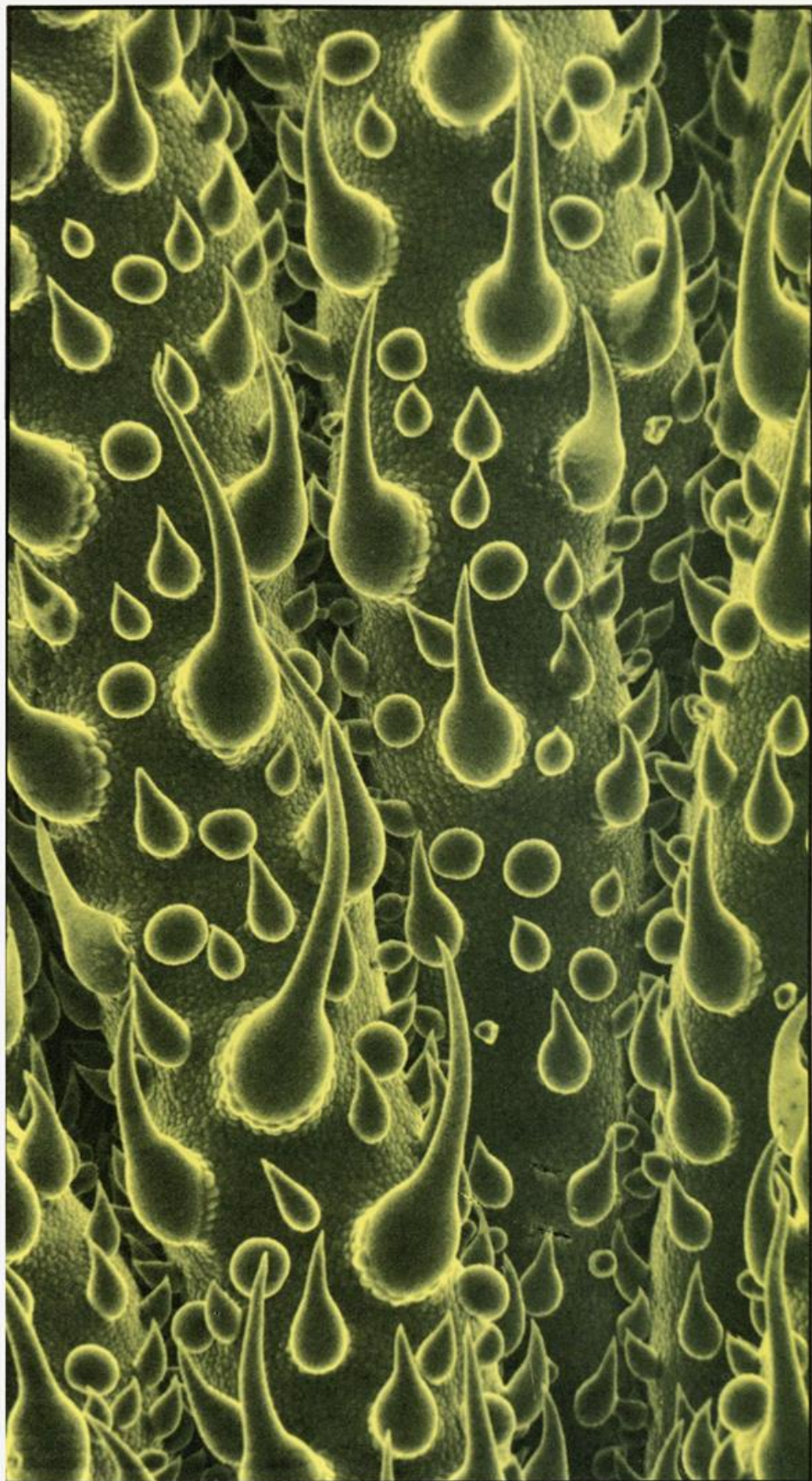


Cocaine crystal (U.S. Pharmaceutical flakes)





Cannabis Sativa female flower detail,
showing closer view of resin nodule
"mushrooms"



Cannabis Sativa male leaf surface detail



The Great Leader Emiliano Zapata

Pot, Peasants & Pancho Villa

by Robert Lemmo

When the clouds of battle cleared, a strange smoke lingered.

On March 17, 1914, a year after Pancho Villa slipped across the border after hiding out in Texas as a disgraced fugitive, his 5,000 enthusiastic soldiers disembarked from their railroad fleet seventy miles north of Torreón, the only remaining obstacle to Villa's triumphant march to Mexico City. With the sympathy and support of the United States government and the Mexican people, Villa had amassed twenty-eight pieces of field artillery, a score of machine guns, and eight railroad trains, including two construction trains and a press train for foreign journalists. Poised on the brink of their greatest triumph, the Villistas were only missing one thing: General Pancho Villa. He had left the train about 500 miles north to be best man at the wedding of an old friend. Villa finally showed up three days later, bedraggled, besodden, and red-eyed from lack of sleep. At the arrival of the Chief, the Villistas stormed the town, killed 7,000 men, lost 1,000, and toppled the government of Mexico.

A folksong was written to celebrate his victory at Torreón:

*Well done, Pancho Villa
His heart did not waver;
He took the strongest fort
On the hill at Torreón.*

*One thing always gives me laughter,
Pancho Villa the morning after,
Ay, there go the Carranzistras. . . .
Who comes here? The Villistas.*

Chorus:

*La cucaracha, la cucaracha
Ya no puede caminar;
Porque to tiene, porque no tiene,
Marihuana que fumar.*

*(The cockroach, the cockroach
Can no longer walk;
Because he hasn't, because he hasn't,
Marijuana to smoke.)*

Though Pancho Villa's military career is well documented, the personal history of the great man is almost unknown to the public. His legends are recorded mainly in the oral tradition of Mexico, passing from father to son in the form of corridos, the Mexican folk songs. Since most of the revolutionaries of Villa's army could not read or write, the songs of the people tell the story: Not only was Villa a great fighter, he also knew how to party.

There were four battle hymns of the Mexican Revolution: *Adelita*, *La Cucaracha*, *Marcha Zacatecas*, and *Valentina*. Two deal with Villa. *Adelita*, a mournful love song, was inspired by a tragic alliance between Villa and an inspiringly beautiful soldier-girl in his army. But it was *La Cucaracha* that served as Villa's theme song, swelling to over 100 verses chronicling all his victories, hardships, and debaucheries in ten years of revolution.

Verse after verse of *La Cucaracha* speaks lovingly and intimately of marijuana, which was virtually the official refreshment of the Mexican Revolution. As such, it marked the first time in modern warfare that an entire war was fought stoned. About half of Villa's army was comprised of long-haired Indians (primarily Yaquis) who used marijuana as casually and regularly as we might use salt. Haldeen Braddy, a Villa biographer, states that at Torreón, "The Yaquis grew fanatical. High on marijuana, they fought like demonic spirits. They stormed the entrenchments. They ground out yards and still got nowhere. Then they staggered about here and there confused."

After getting devoutly zonked for the battle of Agua Prieta, according to Braddy, "The intrepid Indians acted like wild men completely out of their heads from inhaling marijuana. Immediately the Indians rose to a crouch and headed for the barbed wire. The marijuana gave

them superhuman strength. So frenzied were they with the drug that some of them succeeded in breaking the wire with their hands."

As for the rest of Villa's troops—Mexicans, Spaniards, Negroes, Caucasians, and all combinations thereof, marijuana was a staple in their revolutionary diet. Likewise, many stayed high on potent mixes of mescal and sotol, native forms of psychedelic whiskey distilled from desert cacti. Villa himself was probably the greatest debaucher and carouser of them all. That's why they made him the leader, according to some accounts. Revolutionary author Martin Luiz Guzman, describing his first meeting with Villa, remembered entering a smoke-filled shed, where he spied the notorious leader in a dimly lit corner. Villa lay in bed, covered by a blanket, fully dressed in hat, coat, and cartridge belts. The Chief was giggling and talking excitedly to his two companeros, also fully clad and on the bed. As Guzman was introduced, "Villa listened to him unblinkingly. His mouth was open and there were traces on his face of the mechanical smile that seemed to start at the end of the teeth."

Pancho Villa was a truly popular revolutionary leader, one of the common people, a peon responsible for some of the most brilliant and successful military operations ever fought; this done under adverse conditions, with untrained, ragtag troops, while simultaneously throwing some of the biggest parties ever seen in Mexico before or since. In fact whether fortune waxed or waned on the Villistas, they maintained a steady choogle on the road of revolution. The siege of Agua Prieta, says Braddy, resembled something of a weary modern rock festival: "The women nursed their crying babies and cooked frijoles; the moon-bosomed girls made promiscuous love; the peones swigged

'The women nursed their crying babies and cooked frijoles; the moon-bosomed girls made promiscuous love; the peones swigged their sotol . . . long-haired Indians smoked marijuana at night and danced wildly about their campfires.'



Wrecked in Mexico: Villa's boys loved that dynamite stuff.

their *sotol* . . . long haired Indians, some of whom smoked marijuana at night and danced wildly about their campfires." Constantly low on supplies, the followers of Pancho were never low on the basic inspiration for their actions.

• • •

Born Doroteo Arango in 1878 of Indian and Spanish ancestry, Villa began life as a simple peasant. Villa began his career as an outlaw, bandit and enemy of the ruling class suddenly and early. When he was sixteen, his young sister Mariana was raped by the son of the owner of the hacienda on which Villa's family worked. Villa immediately grabbed the family pistol, killed the man, and then took to the hills. A corrido describes his flight:

*In the wilderness untrammelled,
In the highest mountain crags,
I'll hide myself,
Where none will know I was guilty,
For my love of thee,
For such a crime.*

Never prosecuted for the killing, Villa soon gathered about him a band of similar outlaws and began a career of banditry unparalleled in Mexican history, which is rich in colorful criminals. Unlike other banditos, Villa would slaughter a rich hacienda's cattle herd, then give an old peasant farmer 1,000 pesos to keep his tiny spread. In a land where a mere 17 families owned one-fifth of all Mexico, Villa quickly became a folk hero among the poor farmers.

Though he was a cold-blooded killer in battle, the young Villa was a smoldering Latin in love. The buckskin-clad nomad caught many a lady's fancy. If not, Villa was more than willing to commit rape. The only documented instance of Villa abandoning a seduction occurred in the El Dorado Bar in Juarez. Eyeing an attractive young barmaid, Villa threw her a provocative look, then rubbed his fist on his face, which at that

time and place meant something like, "Let's get going." She seemed complaisant until he revealed his identity, whereupon she answered tartly, "Senor, you should remember that Villa has the charm of a gentleman, and does not pass the time in small, dark bars. He lives in the sun, fights clean battles, and makes short work of little men like you."

Usually, however, Villa got the girl. One night in Chihuahua City, Villa was getting high and wenching in a fancy cantina. One of Villa's men was eyeing a Federalista's girl. The Federalista made his resentment clear, but Villa's lieutenant persisted with crude courting gestures. The Federalista drew his gun and shot the lieutenant in the mouth. Before the dead man even toppled, Villa fired from under his arm and drilled the Federalista neatly through the head. Instantly Villa dragged the girl away and made ferocious (by all accounts) love to her.

For all his dope, booze, and philandering, Pancho Villa was a firm believer in marriage. In fact, he had at least four "legal" wives, and was happy to marry any young senorita for the night, if that's what it took. It is said that when Villa married his second wife, the first wife was convinced to serve breakfast in bed to the honeymoon couple. But he loved his first wife, Luz Corral, most, and for all his days.

• • •

Villa pursued a colorful career as a bandit, but had no ambitions as a revolutionary until 1909. In that year, his little daughter died. Villa's wife sent messengers to him with the news, but they were detained and mistreated by Don Luis Terrazas, governor of the state of Chihuahua and one of the wealthiest cattlemen in the entire world. (It is reported that a Chicago slaughterer once wired Terrazas asking him if he could possibly supply a million head of

cattle and Terrazas wired back, "What color?") When Villa eventually learned of his daughter's death and Terrazas's mistreatment of the messengers, he immediately assembled a huge band and raided Terrazas's territory. In a raging bloodlust, Villa utterly devastated the property, and killed hundreds. Without even intending to, Villa took over the land, destroyed the state government, and won the idolatry of the peons as never before. The peons saw Villa as an hombre who could transform bitter dissatisfaction into successful revolution.

At first, Pancho Villa joined the revolution for profit. There were many revolutionary movements in Mexico at the time, and often the line between a revolutionary and a bandit was narrow indeed. Villa was delighted to loot, plunder, and kill with impunity as a captain in the Revolutionary Army. Why not? But upon meeting the acknowledged leader of the Revolution, Francisco Madero, Villa became a changed man. Madero was a small, black-bearded, hollow-eyed vegetarian. His intense idealism and devotion to land reform for the people touched Villa's heart, and though he little understood the details, he committed himself to Madero and the Revolution. For all his erratic fits of temper, Villa was constant in his devotion to Madero.

Villa did not fare too well as a Revolutionary. Once he was sentenced to be hanged, another time to be shot, but each time a reprieve from Madero saved his life at the last possible moment. Villa languished in jail in Mexico City for four months. On Mexican Independence Day, Villa escaped and fled to El Paso, where he soon assembled a new army, by carrier pigeon, in Chihuahua City. After a bloody battle, Juárez was captured. The untutored Villa administered the city

(continued on page 36)

don peyote

Although Don Peyote is in many ways the tonic heir to the Man of La Mancha, bidding us to "dream the impossible dream," in appearance he resembles no one so much as Sancho Panza, the gaily betrousered, stout little onion-shaped squire who set all Europe to laughing with his wise and foolish proverbs. Like Sancho, the follower of Don Peyote would be well advised to "trust God, but tether your donkey."

Don Peyote grows wild throughout the deserts of the southwestern United States and Mexico. He may blossom anywhere, high atop a mesa, or down in the arroyo, but often is found growing quietly in a thicket of mesquite or in the shade of a cactus. Don Peyote can be elusive, but not to those who know where to find him.

Truly, Don Peyote is big medicine. He can teach you to fly, to talk to the cactus and the mesquite, to defeat the Four Foes.

The Indians of the Great Plains have their own way of worshipping Don Peyote; the Huichol Indians have theirs, and Aldous Huxley and Aleister Crowley had theirs. But some prize for genuflection must go to High Times shutterbug Larry Noggle, who stood on his head for nine hours, pretending to be a cactus, in order to photograph Don Peyote at the rare moment of flowering.

"Gimme a full moon over Tucson," the button told him.

Oh, Don, you're such a prima donna!

—PEYOTE OF THE GODS" (LOPHOPHORA WILLIAMSII)







Gone Loco: Adelita's love for Villa enabled her to pull this troop train from Chihuahua to Tabasco!

Battle of Torreon:
'The Yaquis grew fanatical. High on marijuana, they fought like demonic spirits. They stormed the entrenchments. Then they staggered about here and there confused.'



Sunny Mexico: It's the land of manana but not for these guys.



Rolling Machine: General Villa knew the value of artillery during a raid. They also made keen stashes:



himself, and during his one-year rule he legalized gambling and prostitution, paved the streets, raised the salaries of the teachers, rebuilt the hospitals, maintained the railroads, and happily levied tribute from the gringos. As for dope, it was not only legal, but practically free. A whole armload of marijuana could be had for a few pesos. Villa bided time, using the opportunity to purchase huge supplies of equipment and guns from the U.S. and making friends with General "Black Jack" Pershing.

During the Juárez period, Villa lived high, wide and handsome. Using gold treasures he had buried in chests throughout Mexico, he outfitted his army and bought his wife a deluxe Hudson and himself a Cadillac.

Villa was now at his peak. He controlled most of northern Mexico. Parties were thrown almost nightly, and farmers labored hard harvesting enough mescal, sotol, and marijuana to keep Villa's hedonistic troops supplied. After the climactic battle at Torreon, Madero was installed as President, and Villa was a national hero as Madero's finest general. Villa was happy, and as a Christmas present, he returned the government of Chihuahua City to the people. In return, the soldiers of the town presented Villa with a medal. But Villa had been stoned all night on a potent breed of high mountain marijuana which had just been harvested (1913 was a vintage year, according to Mexicanos, and that in itself may have provided the additional impetus to push the revolution over the top). According to radical writer John Reed, who witnessed the formal ceremony, Villa arrived in an old khaki uniform, with several buttons missing, his hair in disarray. Reed wrote:

"He entered the aisle between the rigid lines of soldiers, walking a little pigeon-

toed, in the fashion of a horseman, hands in his trouser pockets. Finally, pulling his moustache and looking very uncomfortable, he moved toward a gilded throne, with lions-paw arms, raised on a dais under a canopy of crimson velvet. He shook the arms violently to test the throne's dependability, then sat down. There followed six speeches extolling Villa's bravery on the field. Through it all Villa slouched on the throne, his mouth hanging open, his little shrewd eyes playing around the room. Once or twice he yawned, but for the most part seemed to be speculating with some intense interior amusement, like a small boy in church. . . . Finally, with an impressive gesture, an Artillery officer stepped forward with a small cardboard box. The officers applauded, the crowds cheered, the band burst into a triumphant march."

Villa put out both hands eagerly. . . . He could hardly wait to open the box and see what was inside. . . . He held up the medal, scratched his head, and, in a reverent silence, said clearly, "This is a hell of a little thing to give a man for all that heroism you are talking about."

Pancho Villa did not spend all his time wandering about as a stoned buffoon. Tragedy stalked him everywhere, even in pleasure. Around this time, he became involved with the beautiful Adelita. Their romance became the symbol of the tragedy and poetry of the Revolution. Adelita was dark olive, tall, and ravishingly attractive—just Villa's type. At twenty, this country goddess was already betrothed to the blonde Portillo, one of Villa's loyal friends. But she couldn't resist one last fling, particularly with the lusty revolutionary leader. At one banquet, Adelita rose and made a speech in honor of Villa, casting hot eyes on him. She ended her accolade with the hope

that Villa would become president of Mexico. Pancho later talked alone with her in the courtyard; soon they were engaged in hot, hungry kisses, while the band played *La Cantela*, a song from the Bajío region of Michoacan:

*I find myself a prisoner in cunning.
I find myself imprisoned by a woman
As long as I live in this world and don't
die,
Never in my life will I love again.*

*We took for granted that we were trash
Along came the whirlwind and took us
up;
And while high up in the air we flew;
The same winds blew us apart.*

Suddenly, Portillo, Adelita's betrothed, stepped into the garden and beheld Villa and Adelita. He paused, torn between fury and despair; then, with a hopeless gesture, he pushed his gun into his mouth and thunderously blew off the top of his head.

Villa, ignorant of Adelita's engagement, sat petrified with surprise. He had loved and trusted Portillo. Learning the truth, he shook Adelita roughly, and commanded his men to take her where he would never see her again. Villa built a special tomb for Portillo and even buried a pair of his best boots with the man as an expression of grief. His sorrow would be sung about by the rebel minstrels after battle had been retired, when, as Braddy describes, "the Villistas attended to their wounds, patched their saddles—and wet their whistles. Sotol irrigated parched throats, burning away the shock or recent defeat. In the dark night, marijuana cigarettes spurted tiny red tongues of fire and crackled a little as the flames ate into the haylike weed."

The incident continued to bother



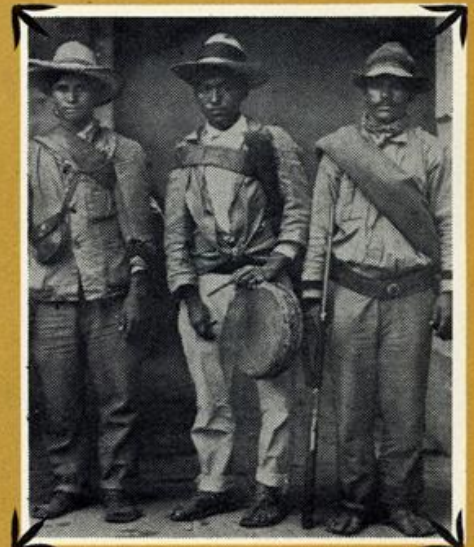
Battle of Agua Prieta:
 'The intrepid Indians acted like wild men completely out of their heads from inhaling marijuana. It gave them superhuman strength. Some succeeded in breaking the barbed wire with their hands.'



Secret Weapon: Villa offered 25 pesos for the best hash pipe design. Stash is in shoe at right.



Munchie Morale: Mexico City falls easily to taco-crazed revolutionaries.



Vigilante Villistas: in 1913, the world's most fearsome fighting force

Villa, and no amount of getting high or military success could erase it. One night about a year later, he became so despondent that he sought out the leading songwriter of the Revolution, Ochoa, and requested something new to soothe his nerves. Ochoa then sang the mournful verses of "Adelita":

*Adelita is the name of the young one
 Who I love and cannot forget.
 In the world I have a rose
 And, with time, I shall pluck her.*

*If Adelita should go with another
 If Adelita should leave me all alone.
 I would follow in a boat made of thunder
 I would follow in a train made of bone.*

On and on Ochoa sang, through ten more stanzas. Villa stumbled away and bowed his kinky head in tears. *Adelita* was to grow to over a hundred verses after Villa's second tragic encounter with the girl. Early in 1913, Villa organized an elite force known as the *Dorados* (Golden Ones). There were three squadrons, each of 100 horsemen, superbly mounted and armed. Although the rest of Villa's army traveled with women and children in tow, the *Dorados* were unencumbered with camp followers and could strike swiftly.

One afternoon, during a bloody carnage, Villa observed a youthful *Dorado* with a yellow scarf in the thick of the battle. He was enraged; he had ordered his elite *Dorados* to stay out of this particular fight. After the battle, he saw the *Dorado* sprawled on the sand, his yellow scarf stained bloody red. Turning over the corpse, he discovered it to be the girl Adelita.

Villa's fortunes began to decline after this. His old enemy, Carranza, came into power, backed by the United States, and Villa fought a desperate battle to regain the Republic. In retribution for U.S.

support of the Carranza's dictatorship, he raided Columbus, New Mexico. General "Black Jack" Pershing and his troops were sent on a punitive mission. Pershing, an old friend, always managed to be a few days behind Villa and battle was never joined, but it created pressure. Villa's Yaqui Indians smoked marijuana and drank more and more sotol to keep their wounded moving. Supposedly in hot pursuit, Pershing's men were furiously learning the secrets of romantic Mexico. Tamales and tequila, warm women and long marijuana cigarettes under the Chihuahua moon were much more appealing than battle with a drifting band of wild-eyed Villistas. The Americans pursued town after town, composing troopers' songs about Pancho, quaffing Mexican beer, lusting after young prostitutes and being taught the delights of exotic Mexican weeds. There was not the staunch cavalry duty glorified by Gary Cooper and John Wayne.

Early in June, 1919, Villa occupied the northern town of Guadalupe, and prepared to attack Juárez. His new army consisted of a motley band of misfits, and they drank Guadalupe dry before mounting their assault on Juárez sometime before dawn on June 15. Riding crazily into the midst of the city, yelling and screaming profanities, firing wildly and overwhelming the terrified Carranzistas, Villa conquered Juárez for the third and final time. By daybreak, the frustrations of the past months erupted into a memorable party that engulfed the whole city. Tequila, cheap perfume, young girls, soldiers, the smell of marijuana, and the sounds of fist fights filled the night. It was, by all accounts, the longest and most exuberant fiesta of the revolution. The staunchest of carousers were still staggering along the boulevards in a stupor, bawling out corridos,

when the Carranzistas counterattacked the next morning.

Bleary-eyed and exhausted from lack of sleep, the Villistas were in no condition to fight. The Carranzistas easily overpowered Villa's disorganized pack of revelers.

• • •

Thus the revolution ended as it had begun—a drunken, stoned, ferocious brawl. This was to be Villa's swan song, as his foes adopted the modern techniques and hardware developed in the war in Europe. Villa fled the battle fields and hid in the mountains. Shortly after, Carranza was assassinated, and a new phalanx of generals took his place. They looked more kindly on the old war horse and allowed him to retire to a large ranch, where he tried to live quietly. But too many atrocities had been committed, too many wives courted, too many political intrigues still brewed, and on Friday, July 20, 1923, as General Villa motored out of Parral in his Dodge automobile, accompanied by several bodyguards, a pumpkinseed vendor, standing beside the road, shouted, "Viva Villa!" The general slowed his car and lifted his hand in obliging salute. A volley of machine-gun fire clattered down on the car's occupants, and all but one fell dead. Villa's body was torn by sixteen bullets. One bodyguard, a conspirator, escaped and was never seen again.

A corrido, *La Muenerte*, memorialized him:

*Though you may not like it, I repeat
 In these plain and honest words
 That young roosters like Pancho Villa
 Are not born every day.*

On Villa's grave, a single marijuana plant grew tall and straight, a lonely reminder of the cockroach who could not walk without marijuana. ☐

WONDER



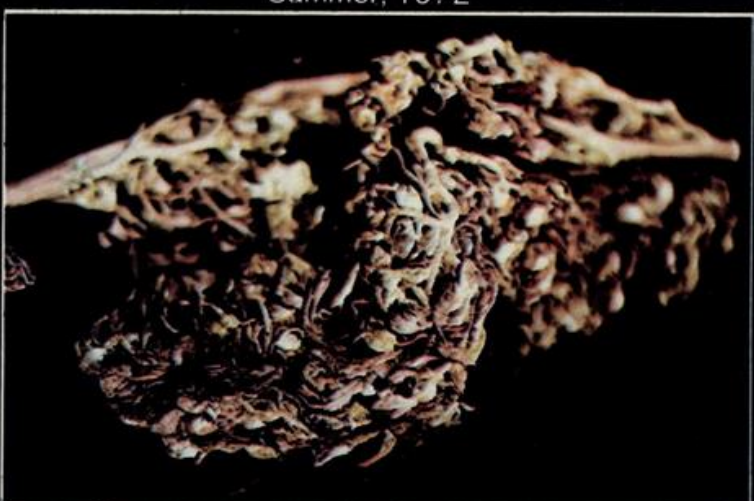
Sinsemilla
Summer, 1972



Green (infra red)
Summer, 1972



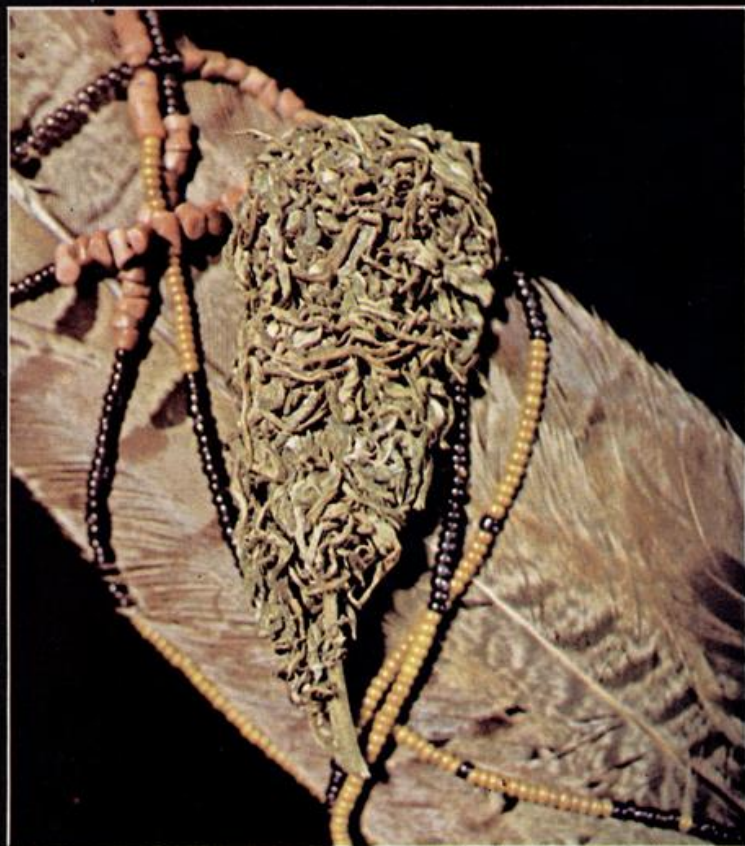
Suma Orange
Summer, 1972



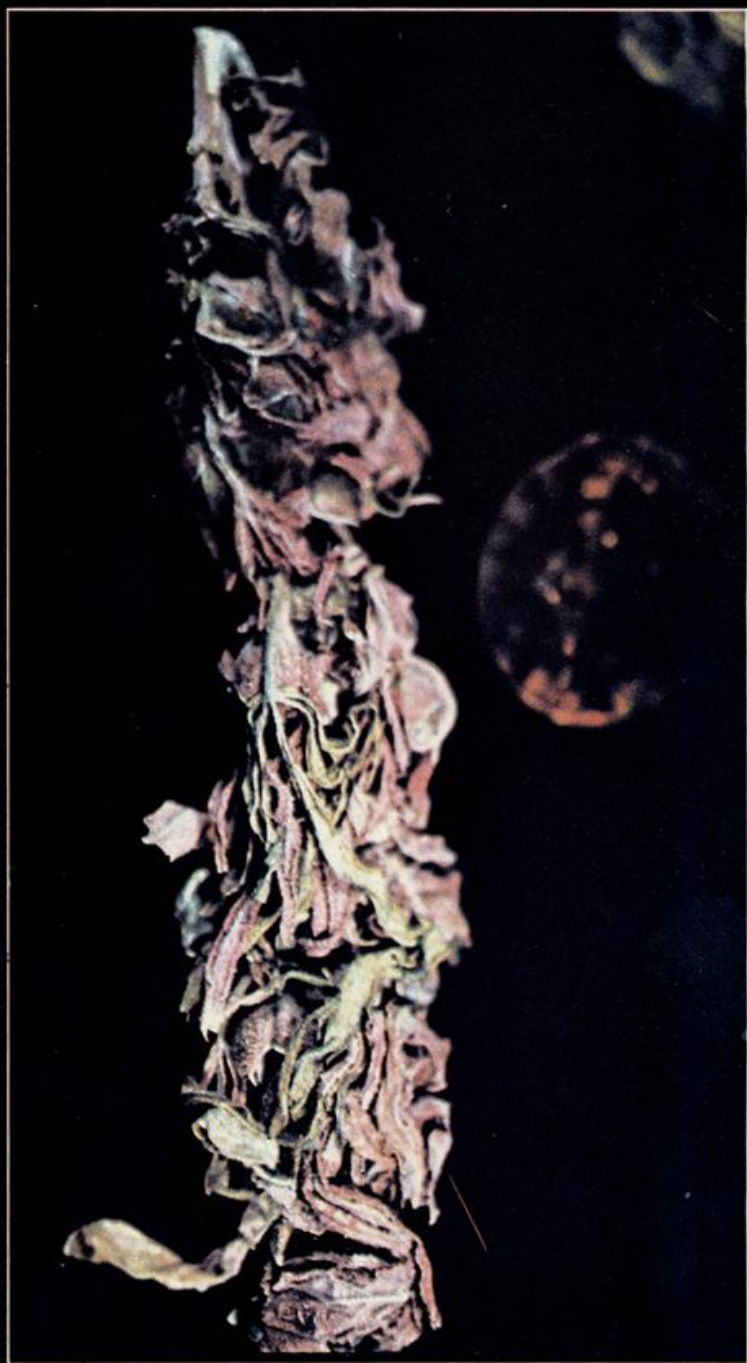
Oaxacan (infra red)
Summer, 1972

RAW WEEDS

OF MEXICO



Green
Summer, 1972



Sinsemilla (infra red)
Summer, 1972



Oaxacan
Summer, 1972



Rainbow
Summer, 1972

Hash Rubbing in Kashmir

by Alan Charne



The first sight of the
collected resin on our hands
is exhilarating . . .
The odor is sweet and strong,
like the good hash it will soon be.



Sitting here in the sweaty Jammu train station in southern Kashmir, after a grueling 300 - kilometer journey. My companion Lynn and I came here to rub hash. There are two kinds of hash in Kashmir: *uter*, which is made from the resin of the marijuana plant and is the strongest; and *gurda*, which is made from the pollen. Unfortunately, it is difficult to find pure *uter*, because the Kashmiris commonly mix it with *ghee* (vegetable oil). The *gurda* is not quite strong enough for most Western hash smokers, although the Kashmiris are quite fond of it and the Moslems in particular are often heavy tokers.

So, to obtain the really strong and pure variety of hash we prefer, we are forced to make our own. The *ganja* (marijuana) grows wild up here, and if you walk into the mountains for several hours, you'll find wild *ganja* as good as any cultivated plant, and free for the taking. But we stick to the valley (elevation: 5,600 feet), where we take a bus and are in cultivated fields in less than an hour. For the last two years we've patronized this excellent field which lies about twenty-five miles south of Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. The *ganja* is superlative and the farmers friendly and reasonable. For five rupees per tola, they will allow us to rub resin off the leaves of their plants. A rupee is about twelve cents and a tola is eleven and a half grams, so it is a bargain.

We tramp into the fields about noon-time. Opinions vary, but mine is that the sun brings out the resin, making midday the best time for hash rubbing. I begin by placing a plant between my palms and rubbing briskly back and forth up the entire length of the stalk. We keep our hands open and flat, with the fingers together. You must rub hard enough to get the resin, but not so vigorously as to injure the plant. There is a happy medium which you acquire with practice. Most people, especially Kashmiris, ruin the plant by pressing too vigorously. If done correctly, the plants can be worked again and again.

The resin appears on the plants in tiny transparent specks of dew, sparkling in the sun. The resin droplets are everywhere: on the stems, leaves, and seed pods. We have come early in August,

and the plants will not be fully mature until September. The plants will hold more resin then, but the early resin we extract with a little more labor is as good as it will ever be. We are headed East, so we're getting our stash together now for our travels. At this time, the plants are between three and five feet high. In a month they may be double that.

While rubbing (with clean hands) we observe a slight glistening in the sunlight. After spending perhaps a minute on a few more plants, we detect a slight tan color on the heel and edges of our hands, but not in the indent of the palms. The first sight of the collected resin on our hands is exhilarating. If the plant is bushy, which few Kashmiri plants are, we rub each branch individually. After five minutes of labor without looking, we glance down and find that our hands have turned noticeably brown. All this time, the smell urges us onward. The odor is sweet and strong, like the good hash it will soon be.

After our palms become brown, we really get down to it, and our hands pick up the resin quickly. Depending on how sticky the *ganja* is, we work on each plant for ten minutes or more to get several grams of precious resin. Our hands get darker and darker, the resin gets thicker, and we stop frequently to pick out impurities—bits of leaf or the membrane-type pod around each seed.

As our hands finally become black on the high points we start to lose resin with each bit of leaf removed—a sign to remove the resin. We kneel down, spread out a piece of paper, and rigorously rub our palms together, which causes the resin to collect into tiny strands of hash. A gooey ball of the stuff is used to blot up the remainder, but if we go too fast, the hash will pull up our skin and cause blisters and red marks. The top layer comes off easy, but after that it gets hard.

Once we do the first handful, the resin builds up quickly. I'm good for about four handfuls (about half a tola) during maturity, but less at this time of year when resin is scarce. Two days ago we had to work almost an hour to get a handful, so we did only two handfuls and got about three grams. But those three grams are *strong uter*, fresh and unlike anything available back home.

The first day after rubbing, the hash is almost too sticky to smoke. If we try, it's like smoking bubble gum: the hash won't crumble, and if we put it into a pipe, it is sucked into the hole.

It is better to wait a few days. Then we can pull off little pieces without stretching. Although it still bubbles when lit, it

doesn't flow into the pipe. The color of the hash is now extremely dark on the outside, but on the inside it is greyish.

It must be mentioned that most Westerners do not take the time and effort to pick out each and every tiny impurity of leaf. This is an absolute must if you want really *pure hashish*.

Some of the best hashish comes from a place in the Himalayas, southeast of here, called Manali. It's a beautiful village at the head of a narrow gorge called Kulu Valley. It is known as the "Valley of the Gods." It's fifty miles long and one mile wide. There are thousands of Tibetan refugees there, and much wild *ganja*. Many travelers journey there in August and September to rub hash, but they rarely take the time to make the shit pure. Pardon the term, but that's the common name for hash in the East. It's a traveler's term and not used by the locals, who call hash *charas*.

As far as taste goes, there is a definite difference between usual Kashmiri and Manali, but the preference seems to be up to the individual. Both are made by rubbing, and they look alike. They come in small pieces, called "fingers." In most cases, the larger the finger the less pure it will be, since the large pieces are mostly leaf or plant. That's why some hash from India or Nepal is hard and brittle, because impure hash dries out in about a month, while truly pure hash stays soft and pliable for a long time.

Gurda is the pollen hash of Kashmir. Although I've never made it, the method is fairly simple. The dried plants are shaken or crushed over a fine cloth. The pollen sifts through the cloth and most everything else doesn't. Then the pollen, which is very light in color, is wrapped tightly in a corn husk and tied at each end. Then it is thrown into a fire for approximately ten seconds. The heat darkens the pollen and gives it an adhesive quality. The leaves are twisted around the pollen, so that when it is finished the hash is about seven or eight inches long, maybe twice as thick as your thumb, and "twisted" lengthwise. Many travelers refer to it as "twist" hash.

I'd like to write more, but our train is getting ready to leave. Maybe I'll be able to write about the grass in Sumatra next. Harvest time is coming, you know. ☐



The Night They Raided Crosby's

by Leslie Morrissey

Her voice was full of money,
but her plats were filled with hash.



You could not just walk into Crosby's. No, you needed an introduction, an entree, the endorsement of a proven sponsor whose face and reputation, equal measures of discretion and hipness preceded him. I was first auditioned on a brisk New York autumn night in 1971, when the city was no longer new but still mysterious to me. Most mysterious was the clandestine opulence of the floating parlors located in brownstones, in old warehouses, in lofts, in terraced condominiums of the Upper East Side, in storefronts in Harlem and in ivied fortresses on the Hudson. Amidst ethnic enclaves notorious for the oils in their cuisines, in every district of the city, in sweatshops where hope didn't speak English, peppering the melting-pot, people gathered to relax and commune, but mainly to smoke, sample, compare, and sell the richest, the noblest, the finest marijuana that soil could grow.

Crosby's, then located in a swank loft on West 20th Street, was one of the oldest smokeasies, perhaps the first, but to me it was always the "new place." He had moved to Manhattan when his smaller domain in Brooklyn became overpopulated, a sort of suburban exodus in reverse. The whole operation—the scales, the sculptures, the expensive furniture (all blond wood and floor pillow)—was carted across the river one night in a rented truck driven by his Filipino helper, Domi. Under the nose of the Sixth Precinct, who seemed unperturbed by the traffic it produced, Crosby's fumed and flourished.

I was first taken there by two friends, a couple with money who spent it freely on life's mellowier kicks. We were scrutinized closely through a glass fish-eye set in the sheet-metal door (it had a formidable-looking lock but no knob) and a voicebox in the doorframe asked my companions in ragged English if I was with them. The door then opened and all was smiles. My friends' word was recommendation enough for Domi, the courteous Filipino who operated Crosby's drawbridge, an old freight elevator painted chintzy gold and hung with small romantic pictures, caricatures of Crosby's regulars, and photographs of pretty girls torn from European magazines. At the seventh floor,

the double doors opened into a single room, opulent with ballroom ceilings and one huge arched window overlooking the rooftops of the district. A thick wool cut-pile carpet whitened every corner. Rock music, conversation, and the World Series filled the room. I wondered why I had heard nothing in the elevator. The answer was thick cork, everywhere.

The action centered at an old walnut bar, a full twenty feet in length, where Crosby's customers were congregated in festive knots around narghiles, thuribles, and gasogenes, outdoing one another in effacing their zeal with languor as they pored over stacks of marijuana. Behind the bar, a thin, wispy fellow, blonde and elfin, winked broadly at my companion and grinned. For the first time, I breathed out.

"Gregory! Hilary! How was Atlanta!" he exclaimed in a voice that pronounces "groovy" with three syllables. Without waiting for an answer, he went on. "And who is our new friend?" he queried in a conspiratorial tone.

They introduced me as a writer, new to the city. Crosby made me welcome at once, quickly extracting all the salient details of my life. Satisfied, he gestured to an epicene bar-person, who handed me a menu.

"Here's the latest lineup," he crooned, and I caught an edge of Scotch on his breath as he leaned forward. "The best cannabis from around the world" he crowed like the madam of a dilapidated brothel, but as it turned out, his optimism was justified.

On a mustard-yellow card printed like the wine list at the old American Bar in Paris were the names of a dozen breeds of marijuana, each priced by the lid, ounce, and pound. A line of fine calligraphy at the bottom invited inquiries about the wholesale rates. This night's offering included Michoacan mint, Colombian lowland, Colombian mota, Bomber Weed, and Kandahari hashish.

‘The best cannabis from around the world,’ he crowed like the madam of a dilapidated brothel.’

The prices ranged from fifty dollars for an ounce of Michoacan to one hundred fifty for an ounce of hash. We settled into deep leather chairs at the bar. Next to me, a young girl was delicately sifting the seeds from a small mound of the resinous Bomber Weed buds. I became engrossed in the spectacle of her long, polished fingernails deftly extricating the seeds and easily twisting up the joint. She must have sensed my rapture.

"Here, relax," she said. I realized I

was holding my breath again and gripping the wooden edge of the bar. Inhaling, I leaned back and smiled at her stupidly. She might have smiled back, but I had suddenly become aware of the color television above the bar, bathing the bar in the garish turf-greens of Baltimore Municipal Stadium. The sound was either off or submerged beneath the chords of Procol Harum, but that didn't faze Crosby.

"It's the bottom of the seventh," he trilled. "If they can just hold in there."

"Impossible," protested a customer. "They always botch it in the end."

This sounded infinitely wise to me as I grew more recumbent. The Bomber Weed was aptly named, and soon pulled me into the vortex of the mandalic cathode tube. The scales clinked like chandelier crystals, Crosby's hand tapdanced across his Bowmar calculator, another Filipino unobtrusively served jasmine tea in small porcelain cups, and the cash drawer built into the bar opened and shut rhythmically. Disembodied voices discussed Mexican provinces, Oriental city-states and Nilotic uplands with well-traveled familiarity; the shop talk of dopers, dealers, and smugglers ebbed and flowed around the music like a fugue. High crime it was, yet it wore a chummy hail-fellow-well-met countenance, and I listened to their smuggling stories as though I were seven years old again and too tired to sleep—as if listening to my parents dispose my presents around the Christmas tree. Little did any of us imagine then that the reindeer were already on the roof, nor that Santa would wear a badge.

"Let's party!" Crosby would titter, while joint after joint, customer after customer came and went, and I smoked on each cigarette in its turn as it was passed ceremonially up and down the bar for appraisal.

Like a junior congressman, I refrained from making any comments on my first visit, but I soon became adept in coining the bon mots that made pot talk at Crosby's something you could dine on. Alas, since the bust, intelligent conversation about dope seems a lost art.

Crosby, I noticed, never commented on the menu, but would merely nod, smile, and agree wholeheartedly with whatever anybody said. He neither praised nor defended, and if someone didn't like an offering, which was rare, he never argued. He rarely smoked with us, but kept chipping all evening on a quart of Johnny Walker Black.

On the edge of awareness, I felt someone pulling at my shoulder. Half dazed, I turned. "I'm Mickey," a voice insisted. "Good to see you here." A beefy arm reached past my face and grabbed my hand, locked thumbs, and shook firmly. "I'm the bartender here, how ya doing? Want anything?" When I declined, he grinned and turned to thirstier customers. He was a good bartender, and a bouncer, too. While Crosby was dressed in a forgettable sweater and baggy pants, Mickey was nattily garbed in silk shirt and glitter threads, suede vest, a garter on his left

arm, and patent leather shoes. He wore a moustache like General Kitchener's and an expression like Goofy going fishing, but he manipulated the Harvard trip scale like a Vegas faro dealer.

Gregory finally bought a quarter pound of Michoacan and we turned to leave. Domi appeared magically with his whorehouse elevator, and I assumed that Crosby had pushed a floor button. For the first time I noticed that a curtain

‘Little did any of us imagine that the reindeer were already on the roof, nor that Santa would wear a badge.’

at the far end of the loft was now partly open, disclosing a second room. There, I assumed, the wholesale business was transacted. Then a hand from inside drew it shut, and we rode down. Domi grinned at us and we grinned back. On the street it was raining, and Hilary tripped into a gutter pool. "It's getting so a body doesn't know what to wear," she joked.

"Quite a place," I said to Gregory, who was hailing a cab.

"Quite a place," he agreed.

For several weeks I didn't give Crosby's another thought. I was learning the city and didn't have time to remember, so to speak. But when I next encountered Gregory and Hilary at a gallery opening in Soho, they promptly suggested an early nightcap at the loft. This time I remembered the address. I soon was there on my own, or with college pals in town for a wild weekend, or with young ladies who needed no moral support. Soon I was a fully-fledged habitue. For years we sat at the polished bar together, along with the folk-rock star who never paid his tab, the Australian journalist who got so stoned he had to be carried to his hotel, the literary socialite who wrote sport books and sold guide cassettes to tourists in Drydock Country, and the radical lawyer who didn't smoke grass but chased paddy wagons full of unfortunates who did. On certain nights I would bet the ponies with Mickey, and sometimes we won. The stack of racing forms and discarded tip sheets grew higher daily.

Eventually, the backroom was opened to me, though I was hardly a professional, and there I met Curt, Crosby's Spanish-speaking partner who oversaw the whole business behind the curtain. It was here that hundreds of pounds were bought and sold, fortunes made and lost, and tons of marijuana made brief appearances on their way to sold-out engagements elsewhere. It was here that the smuggling ventures were plotted, routes charted, ships and aircraft appraised, and prices fixed.

Not everyone was admitted to the backroom. Most of Crosby's clientele was definitely front-room. It was the professionals, the young, suede-jacketed dealers from Brooklyn and Texas, with pockets bulging with money and suits tailored to conceal guns, who penetrated the war room behind the arras. Crosby opened his doors at dusk, and locked up sometime after midnight, yet sometimes the scales swung till dawn. I soon realized that New York City was truly one of the world's dope-dealing capitals, with princely sums and princelier kilos passing from hand to hand like quills at a treaty-signing. All that was missing was the ticker tape and the visitors' gallery.

Crosby's level of dealing required a fatalism that a zen monk would have envied. His wholesale customers were arrested and imprisoned with clocklike regularity, robbed of thousands of dollars, lost more in violent competition with each other, and endured it all with shrugs and smiles. The money came quick, went quicker, and Crosby himself was as big a plunger as any of them.

If he didn't lose it on the ponies or ball games, he might lose it as he did one unfortunate night about a year after we met. I was dropping in several times a week by then, and occasionally I would drive a short errand for Crosby, when the small truck he employed was busy elsewhere. That night, Crosby was summoned to a rendezvous in New Jersey, a transaction ordinarily in Curt's bailiwick, but Curt had been apprehended running his station wagon across the Mexican border, panels crammed with fresh Zihautecas weed, two weeks before. Crosby was desperate to raise Curt's bail before police enquiries could reach New York, and the New Jersey deal called for fifty pounds of Moroccan hash. The buyers were fellows I'd seen often enough at Crosby's, a boisterous collection of tattooed motorcycle toughs who specialized in sales to young dockworkers and minor hustlers

‘Princely sums and princelier kilos passed from hand to hand like quills at a treaty-signing. All that was missing was the ticker tape and the visitors’ gallery.’

in the Elizabeth-Newark area. One evening a terrific row had erupted in the 20th Street back room and Mickey had to intervene with the house. 38. The biker complaints that they were being bilked subsided into sidelong glances and white knuckles, but there were no more problems at Crosby's after that. The Jerseyites seemed nice enough when they weren't claret-brave or jammed on reds.

Domi was to drive a van to Jersey City, where the bikers were waiting in a

deserted garage they employed to “re-construct” motorcycles. Driving behind in the follow-up car, I asked Crosby if all was secure.

“Curt’s had some problems with them, but nothing too serious, and there haven’t been any swindles lately. This one looks clean and we need the income.” He was unusually sober. We wheeled into an unlit, decrepit district of Jersey City, tailing the truck at a distance. One of the bikers signalled Domi toward a dirty brick structure that listed precariously over the trash-littered street. On signal the garage door raised and Domi swerved inside. We parked in the adjoining alley and ducked under the door as it swung down. The apparent chieftain tore open one of the cardboard boxes, held up a slab and announced, “It’s the same stuff.” He turned to Crosby and demanded, “Is it all here?”

“Nice place you have here,” Crosby sniffed. He toed a pile of discarded cycle parts and dropcloths. “Who’s your decorator?” He turned to the leadership, a man twice his size. “Everything’s ready. Shall we count our money?” The big one hesitated; a knock on a side door froze everyone for an instant. Then the door flew open and two short shotgun barrels poked in, followed by two ugly brutes in leather and chains. One of Crosby’s erstwhile customers dived for the front door, encountering more greaseballs with fowling pieces. We were surrounded.

“Oh, fuck,” said the chieftain. “It’s the Road Dogs from Trenton.”

“Thank goodness,” Crosby said acidly. “I felt certain it was the Jersey City constabulary.”

We were forced to the wall and frisked for our money and weapons—the chieftain was toting a Luger—quicker than you could say, “Peace and love.” With a roar, the Road Dogs vanished with our dope and money in the direction of the Turnpike.

The usual bitter recriminations ensued. Crosby was convinced that he’d been double-crossed. He accused the biker leader of being in on the heist. They exchanged hot words and Domi moved to Crosby’s side in a martial stance at one point, but the simple fact was that nothing could be proved and there was nothing to do but go home.

“Thirty-seven thousand dollars,” Crosby kept muttering on the way home. “Thirty-seven thousand dollars. What a fool I am.” When I dropped him off at his loft, he thanked me and thrust his head inside the car.

“The Road Dogs from Trenton?” he sighed, shaking his head.

The Jersey fiasco was a disaster for Crosby, but it didn’t put him out of business. Curt spent an additional month in jail, but the front-roomers never knew. At the bar, it was business as usual, but business of a different sort than Jersey and Texas. Ounces, quarter-pounds of the finest in town, and lots of joking and conversation. On weekends, when Crosby would stay open late for the swells, anything was likely to happen. For example, Crosby was no lady’s man, but one night one of his customers, a

renowned Italian couturier, brought down a gaggle of uptown mannequins who were obviously out for a good romp.

Crosby had been tipping, as was his custom after hours, at a neighborhood Italian bar frequented by mobsters and their relations. When he returned, he found Curt, who had only been out of jail a few days, chasing two young lovelies around the bar. Nucci, the fashion mogul, was cavorting in the pickle barrel bathtub with a bawdy redhead who

‘Oh, fuck,’ said the chieftain. ‘It’s the Road Dogs from Trenton.’ ‘Thank goodness,’ Crosby said acidly. ‘I felt certain it was the Jersey City constabulary.’

couldn’t keep her hands off him. I was receiving the best of the youngest miss, a strawberry blonde named Alexis whose specialty was modeling pantyhose. One of Nucci’s consorts cajoled Crosby into joining her on the floor, but Crosby dumped out a bag of loose reefer and they took their pleasure amidst a carpet of Colombian. Then Nucci’s antics overturned the pickle barrel, and a torrent of water poured over us all. We spent the rest of the night mopping the carpet.

As time went on, Crosby’s became more popular than ever, and you might meet almost anyone bellied up to the bar. Musicians, school teachers, glitter types, clergy, sanitation men, haberdashers, hippies, feminists, gays, straights, radicals, politicians, artists and writers like myself mingled in harmony once Domi’s elevator admitted us to the big room. The pot market was bullish, and Crosby was obviously recovering his losses to the Road Dogs and more. However, Curt has assumed a haggard, thin look after three years of uninterrupted dealing. The necessity for him to be in five places at once had led to a sharpening appetite for a small but steady amount of rock cocaine.

Crosby had to assume more and more of the wholesale duties as business expanded, and Mickey and the Filipinos did solos at the bar. At one point, Crosby disappeared entirely for two weeks and when he reappeared he had an amusing story to tell:

He had gone to Hermosilla to arrange delivery of a large quantity of weed. A snag developed in paying off the federals to load the plane, and while the intermediaries haggled, Crosby bivouaced in a nearby hotel, waiting for the single phone call that would consummate the deal. A few hours became a few days, and the constant phone vigil, the scratchy toilet paper, the black and white TV and the steady stream of cerveza and chili to Crosby’s room rendered him *hoco loco*. “My only contact with the outside world was the night porter

who brought in room service. After a week, I was convinced he was one of the Road Dogs from Trenton. After two weeks, leaving the hotel room felt like exiting a decompression chamber." The plane trip wasn't in the cards, but Crosby's connection gave assurances he'd get the erstwhile smuggler to the U.S. one way or another.

Two days later, a cashmere sweater-clad Crosby entered the United States astride a gamy burro, leading a string of ten pot-laden beasts of burden across the Rio Grande.

"I felt like Jesus riding into Jerusalem," chortled Crosby, "but I brought in a lot more weight than He did." He patted the burro bags at his feet. The television was blaring again, the pennant playoff was on, and I remember it was the fifth inning of Baltimore versus Oakland. I think the Orioles were ahead 1-0. It was a slow night for a change, and only a handful of customers were present to hear Crosby's tale. The bell rang downstairs and I heard Domi easing the elevator down the shaft.

It seemed as though only a few seconds had elapsed when the elevator doors burst open and a small army of smartly dressed men with large automatics fanned out into the room in military fashion covering us and barking, "This is not a ripoff. We are federal narcotics agents. Put up your hands and freeze."

One of them was holding a gun to Domi's temple. Mickey studied them, wide-eyed, and slowly raised his hands. The rest of us did likewise.

"OK, Crosby, where's the stuff!" one of the feds shouted. Crosby gestured to the bar covered with about twenty pounds of assorted types of gage, and behind him, to the wholesale room stacked with trunks and boxes of the stuff, and smiled.

"I think you'll find what you're looking for all over, gentlemen," Crosby said coolly. "Have a menu and sit down. There's no need for these guns, I assure

'Two days later Crosby entered the U.S. astride a gamy burro, leading a string of ten pot-laden beasts of burden.'

you." Crosby handed a sheaf of menus to the fed nearest, who took them warily.

A swarthy man stepped up to Crosby and introduced himself. "My name is Special Agent Magglione, of the Drug Enforcement Agency. Everyone here is under arrest for possession of marijuana." He then produced a small card from his wallet and quickly recited our rights from it. We were handcuffed and the agents did, indeed, sit down at the bar and paw through the marijuana at the table and stare at the menu with wonder.

Meanwhile other agents gathered up all the marijuana and stacked it in the center of the room.

"OK Crosby. We don't want to tear the place apart. Where's the heroin?"

We all looked at each other in amazement. "Heroin?" somebody squeaked.

"Yeah, the doojie. Where's it stashed? Save us some time. We'll find it anyway."

Crosby stepped up to Magglione and addressed him. "Sir, you'll find no heroin here. This is hardly a shooting gallery, as the Daily News would put it," he huffed.

An agent slapped Crosby across the face, hesitated, and then slapped him again in the other direction.

"Cut the crap, smartass," he snapped. "We're not kidding around." Another agent stepped up to Mickey and, without warning, punched him in the solar plexus. Mickey crumpled on the floor. "You! Wiseguy! You know where it is."

Several more agents began to raise their hands. I thought one of them was going to slug me with his pistol barrel, when I heard Magglione.

"All right, all right. That's enough of that. We're not animals, after all. Let's give this place a thorough search and get the hell out of here."

Just then, the bell rang from downstairs. One of the agents grabbed me and put me on the elevator. Clumsily, he maneuvered the elevator down to the ground floor, and had me open the door. Two stoned hippies greeted us.

"Hey man, where's Domi?" one asked, smiling and starting to come in.

"Whadda you guys want?"

The two looked the agent up and down carefully. "We came for some stuff from Crosby," the other longhair said.

"Well, Crosby isn't here."

"We'd like to go in anyway," he insisted.

"No, you wouldn't," growled the agent. "Now run along, before I give you some nice bracelets to wear." He held up a pair of handcuffs and jangled them. The two hippies vanished as the agent guffawed. I laughed, too. Then he stopped laughing and stared at me. "I don't know what you got to laugh about, buddy," he said.

The agents took about an hour to load all the pot, the scales, the calculators, the rolling machines and kilo presses, the heating apparatus for hash oil, the ledgers, the narghiles, the thuribles, and the gasogenes into their vans. By the time they finished, Crosby's wasn't much more than a work of very conceptual art.

Curt, who'd been out on another Jersey run, returned when only Crosby and I and four other agents were in the loft, waiting for an extra Black Maria to convey us to the hoosegow. Magglione dispatched one agent for coffee and didn't give us any. They were sitting around drinking their coffee and expressing their awe and disgust at the grandeur of the operation when we heard a key turn in a lock and Curt walked in.

"Excuse me," he bleated after a moment, "is this the fifth floor? I'm looking for the Ace Photographic Studio."

"Frisk him," ordered Magglione. Two

agents slammed Curt against a wall and relieved him of \$4,000, which they duly entered on the list of confiscated items; then, forgetting he'd let himself in with a key, let him go.

"Go home to Mama," teased Magglione.

"Yes, officer," said Curt, "thank you, sir."

"Get lost."

"Yes sir. Thank you, sir."

The van finally came and they herded

'OK Crosby. Where's the heroin?' 'Heroin?' somebody squeaked.'

Crosby and me inside for the long ride uptown. To enter the DEA offices in the Ford building on 57th St., we drove through an underground garage and took an elevator to the DEA complex, where the agents inserted small plastic I.D. cards in a slot to open the door. There was a black cleaning woman inside who paused to cluck her tongue over us.

"Sure am sorry to see you boys get caught," she whispered.

"If you do windows, maybe we can talk business," Crosby whispered back.

"There's gonna be bars on the windows where you're going, Crosby," said Magglione. "Now shut up."

We were questioned, cross-examined, and searched thoroughly. They held us for about six hours; they wouldn't let us call our attorneys but they kept us all together while they interrogated each individual in a separate room. I used the DEA stationery to write a letter to my mother which I slipped into the outgoing mail basket. After about six hours, they released everyone except Crosby, Mickey, and one luckless customer who was unwise enough to have an ounce of hashish secreted in her platform sole.

It took Curt a week to raise Crosby's bail. I didn't see him for several months after that, but I heard that he had left the country, that he was opening a new place in Soho, that he was going to fight all the way to the Supreme Court. Crosby just seemed to have vanished. Then I ran into him one blustery November day in the Battery Park, near Wall Street. He was feeding peanuts to squirrels, and wearing an open canvas trenchcoat with his old cashmere sweater on underneath. We talked about old times and I asked him if he was going to be opening again soon. Crosby smiled enigmatically and said, "Well, I've been honking with some really heavy squirrels lately, and I understand there's a big hollow tree for rent near Bethesda Fountain. On the other hand, I understand they're having some difficulty renting floor space at the World Trade Center. . . ." □

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Health

Dr. Thomas Piemme, the Director of George Washington University Hospital's Division, says that a study of college students has found that pot-smoking and sexual intercourse apparently go hand-in-hand. According to Piemme, eighty-five percent of grass-smokers questioned reported having sex regularly, while only thirty percent of the non-smokers reported that they regularly engaged in intercourse.

Dr. Piemme cautioned that pot-smoking does not necessarily lead to increased sexual activity. However, he cited another study which found that sixty-eight percent of the marijuana smokers questioned reported that pot increased their sexual enjoyment. Piemme added that eighty-three percent of hash-smokers surveyed reported that hash definitely enhanced their sex lives.

In a related story, the Harvard Medical School recently published a study refuting earlier claims that chronic marijuana use can lower the sexual potency in males by diminishing the level of plasma testosterone. The Harvard study is the only scientifically-controlled research into the relationship between marijuana use and male sexual functioning. The researchers found "no statistically significant change in plasma testosterone levels" as a result of heavy marijuana use.

Papua New Guinea health officials have issued a cancer warning to one-tenth of the world's population—the more than three hundred million people who chew betel nuts. The betel nut is a mild stimulant derived from the fruit of the areca palm, and its use is economically and socially entrenched throughout southern Asia. Now health authorities say that chewing the nuts may cause cancer of the mouth in regular users. Although they plan a campaign to advertise the danger, no ban on the betel nut is contemplated as the crop is economically important to both grower and retailer.

Scientists are studying the effects of a drug called lorazepam which seems to erase memories permanently.

One use for lorazepam is in the operating room. Patients given intravenous injections of lorazepam can remain awake, which is beneficial to the surgeon. But they have no later recall of the operation.

Some doctors also think lorazepam will be useful in therapy to help patients forget traumatic experiences. Lorazepam has been available abroad under the trade name *Ativan* for several years.

A panel of fifty leading British psychologists and scientists has predicted that sex, alcohol, gambling, food, and drugs will be obsolete sources of pleasure by the year 2003. Dr. Mike Smith of the University of Wales says that the physical pleasures derived from these traditional sources will soon be available to everyone from a small portable device that will send electrical impulses to the brain's pleasure centers. The panel's study, called the "Delphi Poll" on the future of psychology, also predicted that within the next century schools and textbooks will become things of the past; memory tapes will be available to transfer millions of ideas and facts to the human brain in just a few minutes.

According to Dr. Wilbert Aranow, University of California cardiologist, persons with heart trouble should abstain from smoking marijuana before exercising. An ordinary cigarette and a joint, according to the study, produce similar levels of carbon monoxide, which displaces oxygen from hemoglobin. However, Aranow found THC to be stronger in its effect on the cardiovascular system than nicotine. Both drugs increase the myocardial demand for oxygen but not the supply, causing a change in blood pressure and heart rate. In Aranow's experiment, the amount of THC in an average joint effectively reduced the amount of exercise a person with heart trouble can take before experiencing chest pain. However, a period of abstinence from marijuana (including avoiding the society of other smokers in enclosed spaces) before any strenuous activity should leave the smoker gasping no more than usual afterwards.

Tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), the psychoactive ingredient in marijuana and hashish, may retard the spread of cancer, medical researchers at the College of Virginia in Richmond recently reported. At any rate, it seems to work for mice.

Doctor Richard Carchman supervised a group of pharmacologists who treated cancer-ridden rodents with injections of THC. The THC apparently "slowed the growth of lung tumors, a mammary tumor and a virus-induced leukemia" and thus "significantly prolonged the lives of the animals afflicted with the illness." The THC-dosed mice survived 36 percent longer than a control group of cancerous mice who were denied the subcutaneous treatments of THC.

The Virginia researchers also found that smoking marijuana may relieve the depression of cancer patients. ■

In Washington, D.C., Superior Court Judge David L. Norman ruled that present penalties for marijuana possession constituted cruel and unusual punishment and as such were unconstitutional. Since this decision he has dismissed or postponed every case that has come before him. The deluge of government appeals has become so heavy that Appeals Court judges have requested that Norman postpone his future cases instead of dismissing them. Norman, who made his ruling on April 24, has indicated that he will declare the pot laws unconstitutional on other grounds should the Appeals Court reverse his ruling. Attorneys for approximately 100 defendants have filed motions for dismissal after Norman's ruling and, as motions judge, Norman has dismissed 52 marijuana cases before the courts.

And the U.S. Attorney's office in Washington, D.C. has begun a program aimed at preventing first-offenders in pot raps from becoming second offenders. To "qualify" for the program, first offenders must have been arrested with less than a half ounce in their possession. They are not prosecuted. The rehabilitation consists of a tour of the F.B.I. building, five hours watching a criminal trial, and a compulsory essay on the criminal justice system, and attendance at an hour long "rap session". Average attendance at the sessions is twenty persons. The program is being run in cooperation with the D.C. Narcotics Treatment Administration.



After three hours of deliberation a federal grand jury in Alton, Ill., found ten narcotics agents and policemen assigned to the Federal Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) innocent of charges of violating the constitutional rights of several Collinsville, Ill., families whose homes were broken into in botched drug raids last spring.

The Collinsville raids became national headlines when it was revealed that in the space of four days the DEA agents had entered six homes in the small (15,000 population) town without warrants, and had threatened the lives and families of Herbert Goglotto and

Donald Askew. The raiders reportedly ransacked the homes, drank liquor, and swore. The Giglottos have since appeared on the Dick Cavett show and told a national audience of their night of terror.

The officers were charged with violation of Title 18 of the U.S. Code which makes it a misdemeanor for a policeman to deprive a person of his or her rights by entering a home without warrants or probable cause. To be found guilty, the policeman must be found to have wilfully violated the law. However, Government prosecutors were unable to establish that the officers had wilfully violated the Giglottos' or Askews' rights, and their case was weakened by Herbert Giglotto's refusal to take the stand.

Defense lawyers pointed out that damage suits totalling over \$4 million are now pending against the officers and maintained that the error was purely accidental—a matter for civil court and not a criminal trial. Evidence revealed that persons who had lived at four of the six homes were convicted of drug charges as a result of the investigation. There are still five felony counts to be tried against some of the defendants for perjury and obstruction of justice.

The defendants claimed at one point that they were railroaded by the Justice Department under pressure from presidential hopeful Sen. Charles Percy (R.-Ill.).

In an unusual turnabout, a narcotics officer has been jailed for refusing to reveal his sources, a procedure usually reserved for reporters. Detective David McClelland of Florissant, Missouri recently cited "informer's privilege" in refusing to reveal the names of two women informants who gave him information on drug traffic and drug-related murders.

The court refused to accept McClelland's argument and ordered him to tell the grand jury the women's identities. When he refused, he was jailed for contempt of court.

The detective was released six hours later by an order from the appeals court that will hear McClelland's case for appeal. He is now free for the time being, and continues to insist that he cannot reveal the informants' names because they fear they will be murdered.

The Florissant City Council has commended McClelland on his stand, and the city attorney says he'll appeal all the way to the state supreme court if necessary. Ohio and Arkansas courts have already ruled that policemen don't have to identify informants to a grand jury. ■



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Pitigrilli's mordant wit and light-headed cynicism has had to wait for rediscovery by the drug energized consciousness of the 70's, while Fitzgerald's *Great Gatsby* and Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* found immediate success among alcohol-influenced contemporaries. Appearing one year before Crowley's *Diary of a Drug Fiend*, Pitigrilli's *Cocaine* combines occult sensualism and journalistic realism to give a vivid picture of the cocaine crazed demimonde of the Parisian 1920's.

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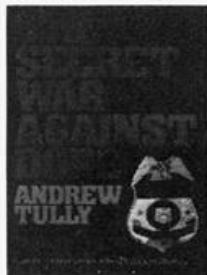
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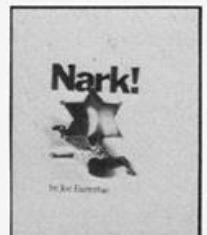
Books

THE SECRET WAR AGAINST DOPE by Andrew Tully (New York: Coward, McCann, and Geohagen, \$7.95) and **NARK!** by Joe Eszterhas (San Francisco: Straight Arrow Books, \$7.95) Andrew



Tully, a Washington-based author whose previous titles include *The FBI's Most Famous Cases*, *White Tie and Dagger*, and *Treasury Agent*, doubtless writes at a desk cluttered with Official Reports and Agency Fact Sheets that champion the U.S. Customs Bureau's courageous battle against slimy drug smugglers, for he writes "this book is about good guys and bad guys. The author is on the side of the good guys. The reader will search in vain for social-worker asides about the pusher driven to his vicious trade by poverty or by an unsympathetic parent or because he couldn't get along with his teddy bear. He has no redeeming virtues. He deserves only our cold, fearful contempt." Yet Tully acknowledges his grudging admiration for the Corsican smack czars—a respect he shares with many narcotics agents and officials for whom, after all, the cop-and-robbers games they play (on an international scale with unlimited expense accounts) would be impossible without some redoubtable foes, or at least the public belief in their malefic existence.

Tully details case after case in which heinous grass or smack traffickers (he seldom distinguishes between the two) are brought to justice by dedicated Customs agents and their allies. He fattens his book with a blizzard of *Dragnet* details. The unequivocal mythology of drug law enforcement enables Tully to put forth such fantasies as this description of a smuggler: "... despite a preoccupation with his well-built physique, he was a periodic cocaine user, which probably explained why he had a nasty habit of slugging people in the middle of a friendly conversation."



Rolling Stone hot-shot Joe Eszterhas reports the same game from quite another point of view. *Nark!* surveys the efforts of ambitious officials, publicity-hungry cops, and vicious narcs whose "macabre lusts for the death forces" find expression in the busting, brutalization, and even murder of small-time dealers, users, "suspects," dissidents, and anyone else who happens to incur their repressive wrath. Eszterhas goes behind the badges of the narcs; of Sgt. Neal

Purcell, whose crusade against Timothy Leary and the Brotherhood of Eternal Love was a personal vendetta largely based on fantasy; and the army of narcs whose aerial assault on a poor hippie with a small grass stash escalated into a mini-My Lai before the victim was dispatched with a bullet in the back. Especially devastating is his portrait of informer Sandy White, a hostile ex-junkie and shock treatment vet ("electrode casualty") who brags of busting hundreds of friends, lovers, and casual acquaintances, and finally turned on even her narc friends by providing Eszterhas with some of his most disturbing information on the inner lives of some narcs. —Joe Kane

WHITE SUBWAY by William Burroughs (Aloes Books, 21, Carleton Road, London N7, U.S. price \$3.95) *White Subway*



is a train of thought, rocketing in an up-town express sort of way past platforms crowded with staring, iridescent zombies, bedaubed with graffiti, and policed by vending machines that vend heroin or whatever dreams are made of. On its way, *White Subway* bypasses locals, and other trains going culturally downtown, and occasionally takes a turn so violently that the passengers are thrown to the floor. Pardon me for tailgating the metaphor, but after all, it's not a habit Burroughs is entirely innocent of himself. You do have to expect a certain amount of repetitiveness from any junkie, even a completely rehabilitated *littérateur* of a junkie.

For example, Burroughs has a lot of favorite words, like "occlude," as in "my asshole is occluding." There are the repetitive hallucinations, "stretching to the postcard sky," of which his novels are, to put it generously, constructed—each of them more or less original but simultaneously interchangeable with almost any other scene in any other book. In short, the more you read Burroughs the greater grows your felling of *déjà vu*. On the other hand, that's part of his genius: who else has translated a life so bizarre into images both so meaningful and yet so familiar that they border on self-parody? Burroughs' books, so outré in their relation to most of our lives, nonetheless give us the shock of recognition. Because he went so far out and because he returned fully committed to wage tireless war against "occluded nostalgia" (a function of repression in whatever socio-political form it takes), Burroughs had to invent his own clichés. His vocabulary locks step with

the subtle but pervasive intrusion of his esoteric experience into all our relatively virginal worlds. His distilled science fiction, cowboy, and private eye scenarios and his cut-up sentences, if read or listened to patiently, reposition the reader to get the old sodomist's point: that heroin, habit and cure, is a liberation from idealism, rationalization, self-deception, and the "reality addiction" that makes them necessary.

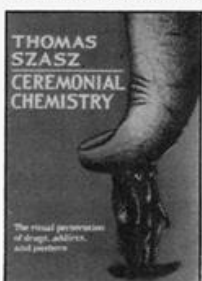
This is made (sort of) clear in "The Beginning Is Also The End" (p. 35): "I am not an addict. I am *the* addict. The addict I invented to keep this show in the junk road. I am all the addicts and all the junk in the world. I am junk and I am hooked forever. Now I am using junk as a basic illustration. Extend it. I am reality and I am hooked, on, reality. Give me an old wall and a garbage can and I can by God sit there forever. Because I am the wall and I am the garbage can. But I need someone to sit there and look at the wall and the garbage can. That is I need a human host."

This is a very able personification of maya, or the reality principle, or addiction: whatever its proper name, the unlovely delusion that exists only for those who are deluded by it, those who "live" by the posthumous pursuit of fulfillment through purchase, whether of heroin, television, whatever. Burroughs has been putting down that trip for thirty years.

Liberated from the algebra of need, nothing exists but thought. In that vacuum Burroughs' fragmentary word pictures and even more fragmentary cut-up sentences make some kind of sense. They are often hilarious (although nothing in *White Subway*—or anything else he's written—compares with *Naked Lunch* in this respect), eloquent in the weird Jacobean-junkie imagery ("twisted coat on a bench between worlds"), and uncanny in the rabbinical monotone of Burroughs' own voice. *White Subway* is a collection of short pieces from little magazines published between 1959 and 1965; vintage crazy Burroughs. If you can find it, own it.

—Eric Kibble

CEREMONIAL CHEMISTRY: THE RITUAL PERSECUTION OF DRUGS, ADDICTS, AND PUSHERS by Thomas Szasz (New York: Anchor Press/Doubleday, \$6.95) A psychoanalyst and professor of psychiatry, Dr.



Szasz has earned a national reputation by excoriating the psychic witchdoctors. *Ceremonial Chemistry* is his tenth iconoclastic attack on the church of medicine and some of its most cherished mumbo-jumbo.

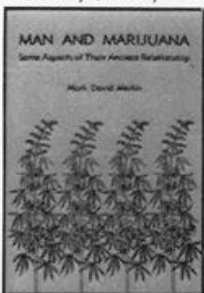
"We have," he writes, "managed to replace racial, religious, and military coercions and colonialisms, which now seem to us dishonorable, with medical and therapeutic coercions and colonialisms, which now seem to us

honorable."

Szasz argues the idea that man cannot live without religion. In the Western world, science and the general welfare have replaced God as objects of worship. Yet, although the faith has changed, the ritual has not. One ritual is the exorcism of evil—the persecution of scapegoats. Among the new scapegoats are drugs, drug users, and sellers. In Szasz' view, control is the dominant motive of the witchdoctors of this religion of social welfare through coercion and the acceptance of this coercion leads only to an increasing feeling of alienation and helplessness as the individual is removed further and further from responsibility for his acts.

Szasz includes a very useful appendix of the history of the promotion and prohibition of drugs from 5000 B.C. to the present.—Michael Perkins

MAN AND MARIJUANA: SOME ASPECTS OF THEIR ANCIENT RELATIONSHIP by Mark David Merlin (Rutherford, N.J.: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, \$8.00) and **THE GOURMET GUIDE TO GRASS** by Mahash Isyruhash and Garry Rusoff (New York: Pinnacle Books, \$1.50) *Man and Marijuana* traces



the hemp plant to its earliest recorded origins, and then some. Having thrived as a wild weed in Central Asia centuries before man discovered its utility, cannabis sativa was scattered throughout vast continental tracts by the agencies of nature; wind, water, birds and bees. Nitrogen rich soil helped stir its growth. And because of its weedy tenacity marijuana competed successfully with other forms of plant life.

Ice Age humans did not at first get high on hemp. Too busy with their own survival struggle, they wove its fibers into crude nets and caught food fish. They caulked their huts with hemp. And when hunger left them no other choice, they ate the plant.

Perhaps this first taste prompted serious cultivation. Merlin has managed to unearth several interesting comments by early users. "Pliny," he writes, "probably was alluding to hemp when he referred to the Gelotophyllis (the laughing leaf), which he said came from Bactria, an ancient country in the north-eastern part of modern Afghanistan or in the general area of central Asia!" To the ancient Chinese the weed was a "liberator of sin" and yet "a delight giver." And while the early Indus civilization lacked scribes, the later Hindus frequently referred to bhang as the gift of God Shiva.

Man and Marijuana is a diffuse and awkward study. Merlin's catholicity of research bring grass into the focuses of morphology, ecology, botany and history, but *Man and Marijuana* is poorly written, roughly edited, and confusing and often unreadable.

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High Times

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High Times is a lavish magazine devoted entirely to psychoactive drugs and other highs—everything from marijuana to yohimbine to peyote to alpha or-gasms. The latest news and information, the most important new ideas about being high. Now, for a limited time only, you can begin your subscription with our first issue—already a hard-to-find collector's item.

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- Nitrous Oxide—For 200 years a small coterie of laughing gas enthusiasts have enjoyed its instant euphoria. But—is it safe?
- Harvard botanist Richard E. Schultes testifies on the three types of cannabis—only one of them illegal.
- Nine Tons of Pot—Aftermath of one of the biggest busts in Colombian pot history.
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At the other end of this pole is Garry Rusoff. Enjoy yourself, he shouts, as if one needed to be yelled at. Rusoff's obsessive adoration of the weed outweighs whatever wit he chose to apply to it. A "suppliant at Queen Tetra's altar" (his term), Rusoff serves as high priest one moment, court jester the next. Like Merlin, he takes the reader on an occasional scholarly jaunt. That he knows his dope there is no doubt. But he insists too often on cuteness and cleverness to ram home his points:

"Africans accepted the hemp plant eagerly," he relates. "The sacred tomb of Sid Hidi is somewhere in the mountains of Morocco. If you get there before me, give his spirit my fondest and have a blow for me."

But this guide is not without its pleasant detours. Its how-to sections are short and easy to follow. Growing, storing, stashing, and cleaning hemp are often imaginatively covered. And the many methods of its consumption are described at length. Twenty-eight recipes for preparing grass for ingestion are listed in *The Gourmet Guide*. While this reviewer has taste-tested but two (magoon candy and chili con cannabis) the remainder, in print at least, stimulated salivation. Rusoff's unnecessary evangelism for marijuana is to be applauded, if only politely. —Steve Block

LEGAL HIGHS produced by Twentieth-Century Alchemist (San Francisco: Level Press. \$2.00)

Legal Highs is described as "a concise encyclopedia of legal herbs and chemicals with psychoactive properties," and so it is. It promises to tell "where to obtain them and how to use them, what are their effects." It also supplies the nomenclature, chemistry or botany, manner

of ingestion, known effects, possible dangers, and suppliers of seventy-four distinct varieties of stimulants, depressants, intoxicants, and assorted destroyants of varying potency, arranged in alphabetical order from adrenochrome semicarbazone and alpha-chloralose to yage, yohimbine, and yohimbine hydrochloride. The difference between the last two is what the lightning bug is to the lightning—something the reader will have to discover for him or herself through diligent reading or experiment, whichever comes last.

Readers of *Hamlet* will be glad to learn that there is a good narcotic use for wormwood, available in dried herbs and viable seeds. Nor need devotees of T.S. Eliot's "Ash Wednesday" worry

any longer why the three white leopards lingered under the "juniper" tree—apparently, they moved about in an "agitated, dizzy manner for several minutes" before they "collapsed in a hypnotic trance" (I quote *Legal Highs*). Of course, they'd have done as well with catnip, sez *Legal Highs*—but who wants feline frenzy? Well, there's more than one way to skin a khat (or *Catha edulis*, the powerful euphoriant available from the Redwood Seed Company, whose address, like that of all suppliers, is given in *Legal Highs*).

—Eric Kibble

TRUCKER'S BIBLE (RELEASE, 1 Elgin Ave., London W9, England, \$2.00)



Trucker's Bible is one of the by-fruits of RELEASE, a benevolent society of Englishmen and women who since 1967 have been the most organized foes of repressive drug laws in Britain. More than a few Britons and foreigners who have

been extended the hospitality of Her Majesty's gaols have RELEASE to thank for the decadence and intoxication that subsequently befell them.

Founded in 1967 by Rufus Harris and Caroline Coon, among others, and helped through some rocky passes by charitable Londoners like Mr. Mick Jagger, RELEASE has grown up along with drug use itself in Britain.

In mid-1967 RELEASE established a twenty-four-hour emergency telephone service (01-603-8654) to help people arrested on drug charges. Since then their legal services have grown considerably: abortion counseling, tenants' rights, and immigration problems are only a few of the current hassles people bring to RELEASE every day. RELEASE also anticipated Britain's entry into the Common Market by spawning RELEASE-Hamburg and RFHL-Sweden. These are the founding members of the international conference that will be known as INTER-RELEASE: The International Conference of Innovative Services for Youth.

Nothing could be more innovative than the *Trucker's Bible*. A Baedeker for the dope smuggler and hip tourist, the *Bible* enumerates the penalties for drug offenses (and the best ways of dealing with them) in 133 countries, along with some information of a more general nature on the penology of the non-English-speaking peoples (barbaric, mainly). There are also succinct chapters on luggage, mail, dealing with consuls and local lawyers, and so on. It won't keep you from being busted, but it lets you know what you're up against. Fits in your pocket, too.

The *Trucker's Bible* is only one of many valuable publications available from RELEASE, who will send you their catalogue on request (send them a stamped, self-addressed envelope). —E. Kibble

HAROLD KEDD



in... "WINGS OVER TIJUANA"

OR "BIGGLES FLYS NORTH"...
OR SOME FUCKIN THING LIKE THAT...

copyright ©1973 by Rand H. Holmes color by Dennis Giangreco



"CHIVAS REGAL"! ELMO
YOUR TASTE IS IMPECCABLE

I'LL DRINK TO THAT... GLURGLE...
... GLAGG...

WELL DON'T HOG
IT ALL FER CHRISAKE!

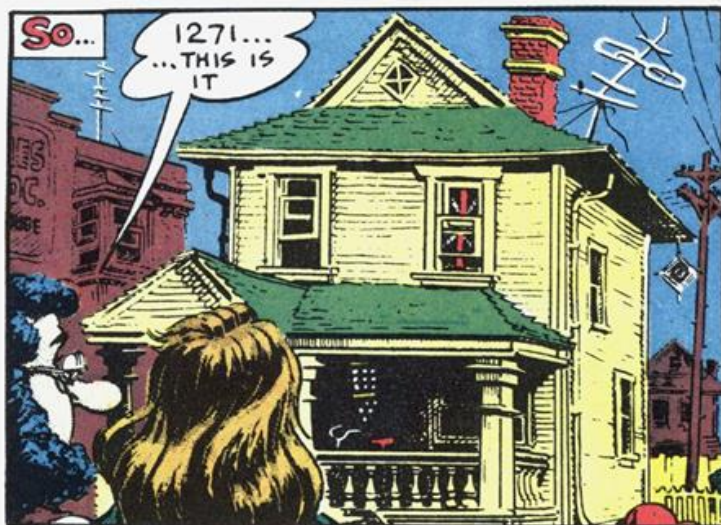
...GUZZLE...SWILL...

HERE...OH BYE THE BYE I WAS
TELLIN THIS GIRL ABOUT YOU
IN THE BAR LAST NIGHT
AN SHE WANTS TO MEET YOU!

YEH!... SHE SAID
SHE WAS LOOKIN
FOR A LONGHAIR
EX-PILOT AN I
TOL'ER I KNEW
A GUY WHO USED
TO FLY CARGO
PLANES BEFORE
HE DROPPED OUT
..... SHE WAS
RILLY INNERESTED
.... GIMME ER
ADDRESS AN
EVERYTHING



WELL WHAT ARE WE
SITTIN IN THIS SCUMMY
ALLEY FOR?... LET'S
GO SEE WHAT SHE
WANTS



So...

1271...
...THIS IS
IT



HELLO ELMO...
...COME IN AN
SIT DOWN...

...AND YOU
MUST BE
HAROLD



ELMO TELLS ME
YOU'RE IN NEED OF
AN AVIATOR

BEFORE WE DISCUSS
THAT I'D LIKE YOU TO
TRY SOME OF THIS WEED



JEEZUZ SIMONE!!...
...THIS IS DYNAMITE SHIT!

...HAVEN'T GOT ENNY
FOR SALE HAVE YA?

I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE
THREE THOUSAND KILOS OF IT!

...IN MEXICO!

JEEZUS! ... I
DUNNO...
...FLY A PLANE
LOAD OF DOPE
ALL THE WAY
FROM MEXICO
TO CANADA

AND JUST
WHERE AM I
SUPPOSED TO
SET THIS TURKEY
DOWN?.....
...VANCOUVER
INTERNATIONAL!?

AT THIS VERY MOMENT FRIENDS
OF MINE ARE BUILDING A CRUDE
BUT SERVICEABLE AIRSTRIP ON A
COMMUNAL FARM LESS THAN 150
MILES FROM HERE

WE WERE ABLE TO GET A PARTICULARLY
GOOD DEAL ON THIS CROP...WHICH SHOULD
ENABLE US TO PASS IT ON TO THE COMMUNITY
AT REASONABLE PRICES AND STILL
REALIZE ENOUGH PROFIT TO PAY OFF
THE FARM....
...YOUR SHARE WOULD BE A PERCENTAGE
OF THE FINAL PROFIT.



AHHH...WUT THE HELL!
...IT'LL BE A TRIP!

GOOD!...
WE'LL LEAVE
TOMORROW

24 HOURS LATER

YOU KIDDING!
...NO WAY...
YOU GOTTA RACK
UP A LOTTA
FLYING HOURS
BEFORE THEY
GIVE YOU ONE
OF THESE

BESIDES...YA GOTTA HAVE
20-20 VISION

...LANDING IN FIVE MINUTES
PLEASE FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS

...GUADALAJARA...

THAT WHY YOU
GAVE UP FLYING?

MAAM... ONE OF
THE REASONS... COULDN'T
TELL MY FUTURE IN
FLYING SINCE MY EYES
QUANTEE'D GOIN

WELL WE MADE
IT THRU CUSTOMS

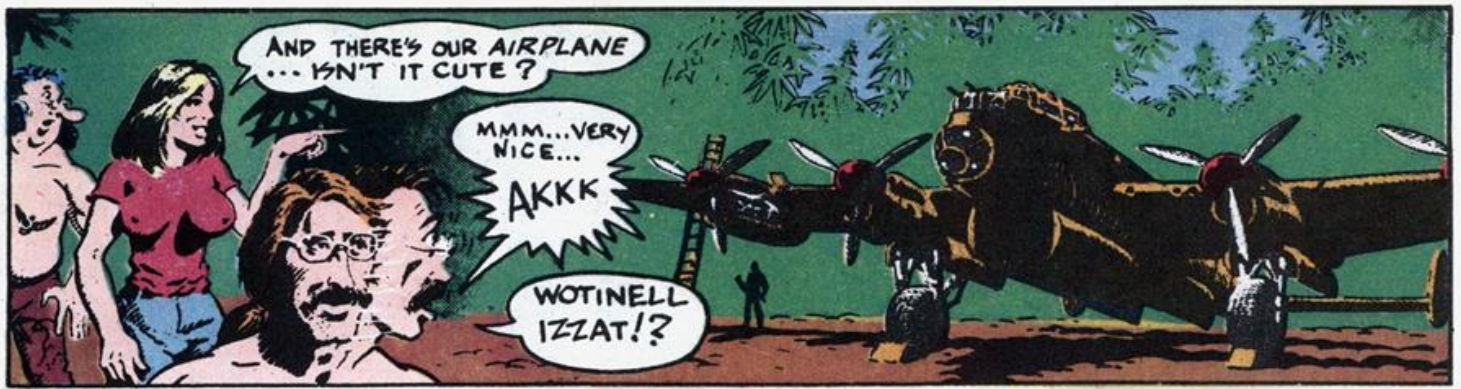
YEH! NOTHIN LIKE A
FORGED PASSPORT AND A
SALVATION ARMY SUIT TO
BOLSTER A MAN'S
CONFIDENCE...

...WHAT NOW
SIMONE?

MY FRIENDS WERE
TO HAVE LEFT US A
CAR IN THE PARKING
LOT

FROM HERE
WE DRIVE TO
"OAXACA"





EARLY THE NEXT MORNING HAROLD AND TOM BEGIN THE COMPLEX TASK OF STARTING THE FOUR HUGE MERLIN ENGINES

AUTO NO.2 TANK...
MASTER FUEL COCKS
IGNITION...
CONTACT!

SELECTED...
BOOSTER PUMP ON
ON!



RAD SHUTTERS
OPEN

MAGNETOS?

CHECKED AND
SERVICEABLE

CHOCKS
AWAY!



80 KNOTS... 85...
...90 KNOTS...

C'MON BABY...LIFT!
...LIFT!



OH DON'T CHECK MY ♪
BAGS IF YOU PLEASE..
..♪ MR. CUSTOMS
MAAAN! ♪



HOURS LATER

COURSE ONE -ZERO-NINER...
... CANADIAN BORDER IN 30
MINUTES

ONE-OH
-NINER...
...ROGER..

...HELL OF
AN UGLY
STORM
FRONT
DEAD
AHEAD

CAN YOU
GO THRU
IT?



...I'LL HAVE TO
CLIMB OVER IT

WE'LL KEEP YOUR
EYES PEELED...

WE'RE SURROUNDED
BY COMMERCIAL
AIR LANES!

KRAK

MEANWHILE ABOARD A COMMERCIAL JETLINER ENROUTE FROM SEATTLE PILOT AND CREW ARE ENGAGED IN ROUTINE FLIGHT PROCEDURE



WHEEEE

ARE
WE A
MILE HIGH
YET?

GIGGLE

GLUG
GLAG
GLUNG
GLUG

BLUB
SPUT

... WHEN SUDDENLY!



FRANK!!
THERE'S A FUCKIN
PLANE RIGHT IN
FRONT OF US!



MINUTES LATER AT A
NEARBY S.A.C. BASE



SIR!...

...AN AIRLINE PILOT HAS JUST
REPORTED A NEAR COLLISION
WITH AN UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT

PROBABLY A CARGO PLANE
BLOWN OFF COURSE... BUT WE
BETTER CHECK IT OUT...



...WE GOT
ANYBODY
ALOFT IN
THAT
SECTOR?

YEZZIR!...THEY'RE
DUE BACK FOR RE-
FUELING BUT THEY
SHOULD HAVE TIME TO
SWEEP THE AREA

SHORTLY...



THERE
IT IS!

MAN THAT
AIN'T NO CARGO
PLANE!... IT'S
GOT GUNS ALL
OVER IT!



D-DELTA!...
THIS IS GENERAL
PHUKUPP HERE!
SHOOT THAT
PLANE DOWN!



WHAM
WHAM
CMASH
WHAM



ENEMY AIRCRAFT
ON FIRE AND
DIVING OUT
OF CONTROL

OUR FUEL SITUATION
HERE IS CRITICAL... WE
ARE RETURNING TO BASE
... OVER AND OUT



ELMO!...QUICK MAN!...HELP
ME PULL THIS BLOODY COLUMN
BACK BEFORE WE CRASH!

WITH THE AIR SPEED INDICATOR
APPROACHING 400 MPH. TOM AND
ELMO STRUGGLE DESPERATELY WITH
THE PARALYSED ELEVATORS....
ALL BUT IMMOVABLE AGAINST
THE VIRTUALLY SOLID MASS
OF SPEEDING AIR





FIRE'S OUT HAROLD... DON'T DO ANY STUNT FLYING THO... THERE'S NUTHIN BUT LONGERONS HOLDIN THE TAIL ON THE KITE

YEH... GREAT... ONLY NOW WE GOT A NEW PROBLEM

... HEAT GAUGE IS WAY UP ON THE PORT INNER

SHIT!... IT'S A GLYCOL LEAK... SEE THE WHITE FLAME?



BETTER SHUT'ER DOWN THEN... BEFORE IT CATCHES FIRE... ..OW!

HAROLD.. HOLD STILL ... WILL IT FLY ON TWO ENGINES ??



I'VE SEEN THEM COME HOME ON TWO DURING THE WAR... BUT THAT WAS AFTER THEY'D DELIVERED THEIR BOMBLADS

WE'RE CARRYING A LOT OF WEIGHT



RIGHT!... EVERYBODY... START STRIPPING THE KITE!... EXTRA SEATS... EMPTY FIRE EXTINGUISHERS ...THE GUNS...

TOM... RADIO THE FARM... TELL EM TO LIGHT THE STRIP...

THEN THROW THE WIRELESS OVERBOARD WITH THE REST



BUT...

IT'S NO USE!... WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE EVERY MINUTE WE'VE GOT TO JETTISON THE DOPE!

OH NO!

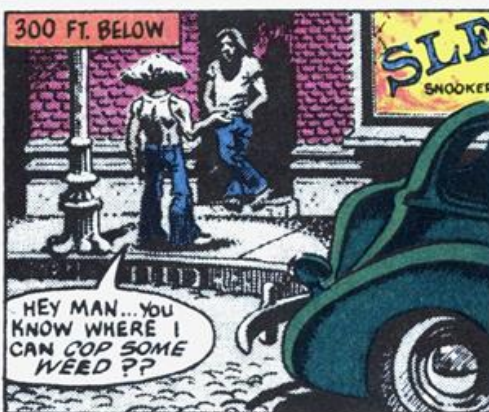
IT'S EITHER THAT OR WE CRASH IN DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER

I'M OPENING THE BAYS ... ELMO... GO INTO THE NOSE AND PUNCH THE BOMB RELEASE



WOW! WHAT A VIEW

HEY... THAT'S WEST FOURTH BELOW... HEE HEE... LESSEE IF I CAN DUMP IT RIGHT IN FRONT OF SLEAZY'S POOL HALL!



300 FT. BELOW

HEY MAN... YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN COP SOME WEED ??



SHIT... HASN'T BEEN ENNY DECENT GRASS AROUND FOR WEE...?

??!

CPLAT WHAP



SO... MAKE ME A LIAR!!

HEY PEOPLE ... MANNA FROM HEAVEN

OUTASITE!



HAROLD... THE DAMN BAYS WON'T CLOSE

TRY THE MANUAL?

YEAH... ..NO GOOD...

... I THINK WE'VE LOST ALL THE HYDRAULIC FLUID

OH NO! THAT MEANS WE CAN'T GET THE LANDING GEAR DOWN!



OIL PRESSURES DROPPING ON THE PORT OUTER TOO

30 MINS. MEBBE

... DUNNO...

SHIT! FUCK DISS!...

... WHAT NEXT

HOW LONG TIL THE FARM ??

THINK IT'LL LAST ?



28 MINS. LATER

THERE'S THE FARN!



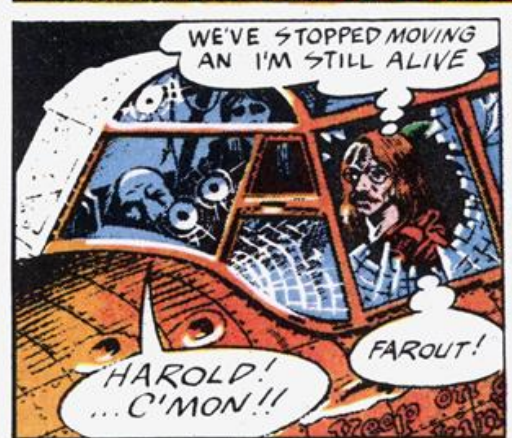
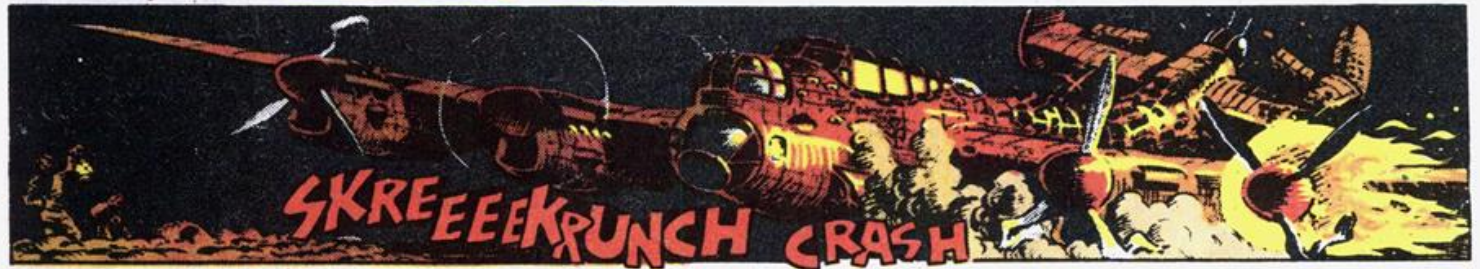
AN THERE GOES THE PORT OUTER



JEEZUZ!... GOT TO SET 'ER DOWN QUICK... ..ANYWHERE!...BEFORE WE BURN!



STICK BACK... ..NOSE UP...



WE'VE STOPPED MOVING AN I'M STILL ALIVE

FAROUT!

HAROLD! ...C'MON!!



I DON'T-PUFF-THINK THAT SHE'S GONNA BURN!

WHY NOT?



'CAUSE...GASP...PANT...THE WHOLE PORT WING TORE OFF WHEN YOU HIT THE TREE...AN IT'S BACK THERE BURNIN BY ITSELF

TREE? WHAT TREE...



SURE GLAD I DROPPED ACID TONITE-FOLKS- CAUSE THAT LANDING WUZ OUDASITE!

KINDA SCATTERED THE DOPE AROUND THO

DOPE? DIDJOO SAY DOPE!

YEAH! ...IT'S ALL OVER THE RUNWAY

GAWDAMN THE BOMB RELEASE MUST HAVE FAILED

THE VERY NEXT NITE A CELEBRATION WAS HELD...FREAKS CAME FROM MILES AROUND...GOOD VIBES PREVAILED...WHY SOME PEOPLE EVEN STOPPED PLAYING MINDFUCK GAMES FOR AWHILE



BIT OF LUCK AKCHULLY ONLY THE FORWARD RACK KE RELEASED... WE LOST ENOUGH WEIGHT TO KEEP US ALOFT WHILE RETAINING THREE FOURTHS OF THE WEED

S'NOT LUCK MAN... S'KARMA!



HAROLD... ..COME FOR A WALK??





"Time to split," said the hare.

• • •

Many dopers have a great regard for Disney films. Of course, Disney animation is very accomplished, technically, even though the enduring characters are saccharine and oversimple. Give me the mantric monotony of Farmer Gray or the jazz-synched, polymorphous perversity of Betty Boop, even with their runny black-and-white, jerky frames, and scratchy sound, instead of the anal-sadistic antics of Micky and Goofy any day. Even Disney's racist vignettes fail to excite much rancor, as anybody who's seen *Dumbo* lately will agree. Disney created a few threatening nemeses and lesser grotesques—the stepmother in *Snow White*, say—and when the technical perfection became its own end—in the most impressionistic segments of *Fantasia* and *Donald in Mathemagics Land*—that was good, too. As Robert Craft said of *Fantasia*, Disney's animation was a "first-rate critic of second-rate music." Oddly, this gift for grotesquerie and satire fell flattest in what should have been its greatest triumph: *Alice in Wonderland*.

Alice was re-released this year to continue the *Fantasia* cult which has grown up since 1969. When *Alice* became the most popular sixteen-millimeter rental film on campus in 1971, it slowly dawned on the Disney people that they had a new, non-family audience—the "high society," if that's the phrase. *Alice* was released on a double bill with *Fantasia* this summer, and I'm here to tell you that it eats dick in the ear, folks.

Now, why is that? Produced in 1951, costing nearly three million pre-inflation dollars, and showcasing the world's

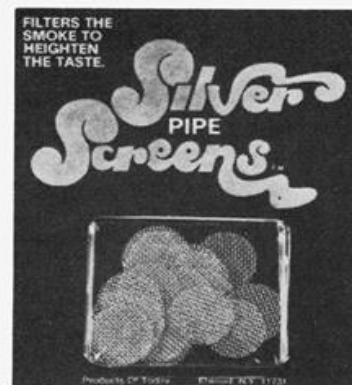
greatest animation studio at the height of its powers, *Alice* managed to become Disney's last and least profitable feature cartoon. Even Walt hated it. "It had an appeal to the intellect," he said shrewdly, "without anything to appeal to the emotions."

But of course I hated even Lewis Carroll's *Alice* until relatively late in childhood, when I was given Martin Gardner's annotated edition, which explains all Carroll's recondite Victorian "jokes" and parodies, and makes his strange sexual leanings—he had an affection for pre-pubescent girls—pretty explicit, too. That was interesting. But Carroll's donnish humor, his effete whimsy, his dollhouse conundrums, and his tea-room prose still leave me cold. "If you want to get to somewhere else you must run at least twice as fast." So what? "A grin without a cat" is good, but . . . I wonder if Disney knew that James Thurber, when asked to illustrate a new edition of *Alice*, replied that he would rather keep the charming old engravings and rewrite the text.

At any rate, I must report that dopers will find *Alice* a film that abounds in psychoactive imagery and innuendo. Why, you can almost hear Grace Slick on the soundtrack when Alice sips from the "Drink Me" bottle and nibbles the "Eat Me" cake. It even possesses a centipede Don Juan in the form of the caterpillar who sits atop his mushroom smoking a hookah and persistently asks Alice, "Who are you?" There is also a simple joy in the many shots of Alice's panties.

In the final sequence, the Queen of Hearts' trial, all the characters reappear and reiterate their nonsense in a hectoring and staccato trial and chase sequence that is as chaotic a nightmare, as hostile a persecution fantasy, as demented a whirlpool of inescapable subconscious meaninglessness as has ever been filmed. In the book, Edmund Wilson says, Alice "asserts and vindicates her own reality against a mere pack of cards;" in the film, unreality quadruples its efforts to drive her insane: the uncomfortable, plodding whimsy telescopes into shrill, primitive menace, and Wonderland becomes hell, as it were. Of course, some Laingian masochist is sure to insist that it is and always was intended to be the flip side of bourgeois complacency.

By the way, the vogue for Disneyana theoretically increases that firm's billionish grosses by about one third. For fifty years, they have been assured of the double patronage of present children and future parents; now they can rely upon a limitless supply of perpetual children as well. ■



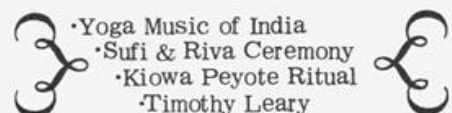
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Records

URUBAMBA (Columbia KC 32896) In the



liner notes, J. Milchberg, who composed most of the music for this album, says of one of the group's instruments: "The Charango is the most 'native' string instrument of South America. Each Charango has its own individual tone colour, that of the armadillo, the animal which gave its skin to make the sound chest of this instrument."

Although Urubamba's music has previously been heard on Paul Simon's recordings of "El Condor Pasa" and "Duncan," this album of Inca music will be something fresh for most people—a quartet that plays the music of the high Andes on a variety of flutes, charangos, and a drum called the Bombo Leguero, or "mile drum."

Their music is based on the pentatonic scale. But one needn't approach this music from such a formal standpoint. It is music that seems to flow effortlessly from the speakers, relying upon its simplistic melodies for easy listener communication. Each of the short songs is based on a simple, haunting melody established by the flutes and/or charangos, while the drum provides a skeletal rhythm.

This first release by Urubamba in North America is produced by Paul Simon, who says he has admired the group since 1965, when he appeared on a bill with them at the Theatre de l'Est Parisienne in Paris.

Approached with an open mind, Urubamba becomes a subtle but definite high. —Peter Sherwood

SOUNDS AND THE ULTRA SOUNDS OF THE BOTTLE-NOSE DOLPHIN recorded and edited by John C. Lilly, M.D. (Folkways FX6132) To set things straight

immediately, this is not a late-night mate to the sounds of nature record. To human ears, dolphin language sounds much like a racket noisemaker accom-

panied by a crazed parakeet. Now this may be species chauvinism, especially since most of the sounds made by the bottle-nose are beyond the upper limits of our frequency range and perceptual speed, but the dolphins' repertoire is just not that aesthetically pleasing. This is not Judy Collins and the whales. It is a recording of experiments in dolphin communication conducted in Dr. John Lilly's laboratories in the Virgin Islands and Miami. Unfortunately, Lilly narrates the cuts himself in a stiff and halting behavioral scientist's voice that cannot help but make the dolphins seem vibrantly articulate by comparison.

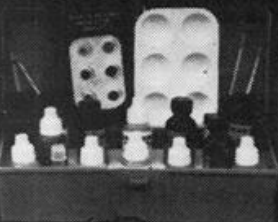
So while the album is not slick or

Cocaine

Amphetamine & Opiate

Barbiturates

Marijuana & Hashish



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entertaining, it is intriguing—because of the drama inherent in the human listener finding himself relating to the utterings of another species. At the end of Side One there is a cut of two dolphins chatting in their usual underwater manner. At normal speed this sound is an ever-varying series of clicks, whistles and grunts. At quarter speed, however, the grunts turn into startlingly human laughter—a guttural “ha-ha-ha.”

On Side Two, we listen to dolphins that have been communicating with humans for years, using their blowholes (nostrils) to make air-borne sounds when their heads are out of water. The bottle-nose cannot pronounce consonants this way, but they produce some very close, if somewhat squeaky, facsimiles of our vowels. You will be impressed at how precisely the dolphin duplicates the number of syllables spoken by a male researcher, although this cut runs for eight minutes which in this case is about five past tedium. You'll be amused by the playful exchanges as one bottle-nose imitates a female researcher, whose higher-pitched voice the dolphins favor. And you may even be amazed by the last cut as the dolphin, instead of mimicking a researcher's “Hello,” replies with a considerate “Ow arou?” —Robert Lemmo

THE WORLD OF HARRY PARTCH (Columbia MS 7207)



In his seventy-three years, the late Harry Partch heard and succeeded in breathing a unique musical language of his own. It was a rich synthesis of materials and ideals from his backyard and from the global village. He came upon a forty-three-tone scale in 1930, and began inventing instruments to color this new spectrum, such as the chromelodeon (prepared piano), adopted viola (thirty-seven stops to the octave), kitharas I and II, surrogate kithara, bass marimba, marimba eroica, diamond marimba, gourd tree, cloud-chamber bowls (soft mallets on Pyrex carboys), spoils of war (seven brass artillery casings, cloud-bowls, whang-gun, and raspador), harmonic cannon, and the xymo-xyl. He smiled at his adroitness in shaping sitka-spruce, redwood, glass, wire, and metals, saying, “I am not an instrument-builder, but a philosophical music man seduced into carpentry.”

All the above instruments are played by a group of Partch's capable and devoted friends on *The World of Harry Partch*. The album is an excellent introduction to his music and breadth of view, as it includes “Daphne of the Dunes,” “Castor and Pollux, a Dance for Twin Rhythms of Gemini from Plectra and Percussion Dances,” and “Barstow: Eight Hitchhiker Inscriptions from a Highway Railing at Barstow, California.” The performances are conducted by Danlee Mitchell, under Partch's supervision.

Harry Partch completed the largest part of his work at his wooded mountain

home in Sausalito, California, working and playing amidst trees, wind and birds. He filmed performances of many of his works, for visually the unity of his aesthetic is better served. He called his music “corporeal,” rooting itself in all other arts necessary to a civilization. Manual performance becomes functional dance; the home-made instruments look at once exotic and starkly beautiful; the sounds complete the ritual magic. —Dennis Irwin

THE KING OF HI-DE-HO Cab Calloway (Ace of Hearts release on British Decca)



This British import may not be as durable as its ageless creator. It is generally hard to find. As soon as a batch arrives from overseas, they are grabbed up by collectors. *The King of Hi-De-Ho* features Cabell Calloway at his exuberant best scat-singing his way through lyrics that were never crisper. What breath control he had! Unfortunately, his voice deepened with age, so that towards the 1940's he had lost it, in my opinion. The cuts on this album, however, all are from 1930 and 1931, with Cab at his hottest. Included are “Nobody's Sweetheart,” “Between the Devil and Deep Blue Sea,” “St. Louis Blues,” “Minnie the Moocher,” and “Kicking the Gong Around.” The last two collections deal with Minnie, who becomes addicted to opium.

We know now that even in the 1930s the “darkies” up in Harlem were blowing reefers like crazy, man, and in Chinatown they were kicking the gong around. But were the Fleischer Brothers, for instance, aware of the implications of “Minnie the Moocher” when they built one of their most popular Betty Boop cartoons around it? I think not.

“Minnie the Moocher” remains Calloway's most popular tune. It tells of Minnie and her “cokey” friend Smokey who takes her down to Chinatown and teaches her how to kick the gong around. Pretty soon the pretty kid is hooked and (in a verse not included on this album), Minnie is put with the crazies and winds up pushing up daisies.

One of Calloway's most popular songs, not included in this album, is “Reefer Man,” which he performed with his orchestra (all in whiteface) in the Paramount film *International House* (1933), also starring W.C. Fields and Burns and Allen. “If he trades you dimes for nickels,” sings Cab, “and says watermelons are pickles, then you know you're talkin' to that reefer man.” Perhaps this sort of lyric was partially responsible for the old misconception that marijuana had the hallucinogenic properties we now associate with LSD, but then who knows what sort of grass they were getting in Harlem in 1933?

(There is also available on Columbia a two-record anthology of Calloway hits, but these are recordings of post-1930s and in my opinion musically inferior to the original recordings on the Decca re-issue.) —Leslie Cabarga

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**Contest Closes
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For the hip, the high, and the heavy, gift-giving can be one big pain. What can you give a guy, after all, who's sworn by a flickering scented and sculpted candle to encumber himself with no more worldly goods and chattels than his tattered rucksack will carry? Another necktie just won't do—and there's always the awkward possibility he might think it's something to eat. No, the traditional parcheesi sets, pipecleaners, bubble bath soaps and men's colognes, Crosby albums—David's or Bing's—and even cordless vibrators sound an unwelcome note of crass commercialism amid your holiday cheer. Well, relax, houseperson—your stocking filling problems are solved! Herewith, a High Times tumbrilful of groovy gratuities guaranteed to grease your gal or guy for greater grokking. Hi-yo!



Tray Chic

What's in a name? Plenty, if you'd like to roll your joints on a surface even slicker than this magazine. What you want is the Hightime Tray, a deftly whittled convenience board that takes the spilling out of smoking. This product has no connection with High Times magazine, but Hightime, P.O. Box 1732, Boise, Idaho 83701, will be glad to cash your checks. In return, you'll receive the perfect rolling surface, a sort of Dopish Moderne wooden tray that holds your loose leaves, finished reefers, and soft drink or beverage in separate, easy-to-tell-apart compartments. Each tray is fashioned by the gnarled hands of master craftsmen, hand-finished and guaranteed for a lifetime of domestic use. Whether you prefer Natural Blond Maple (\$15), Rustic Stained Oak (\$18), or Natural Walnut (\$20), you'll find your Hightime tray a conversation piece that'll light a fire under any sluggish rap session or pile of twigs. No moving parts and no messy cleanup afterward, either—just put it back on the shelf. The perfect stash.



Keep a Coca Face

For the bookworm on the ashram, this season's bibliophilic bonanza is W. Golden Mortimer's definitive *History of Coca*, first published around the turn of the century and now reissued in lavish leather (\$50) or paper covers (\$8.50) by the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library and the And/Or Press, 3431 Rincon Annex, San Francisco, CA 94119. The octavo shown above makes a handsome addition to any bookshelf or table leg,

and if you hollow out the pages and glue together the edges, it makes a swell stash. Helpful hint: read the book. A *magnum summum* of nineteenth-century cology, the *History of Coca* links cocaine to Social Darwinism in Macaulayan matzohballs of Victorian prose. A must.



Artistic Narghiles

The great sheiks of Arabian Deserts, notes Amelia B. Edwards in *A Thousand Miles Up the Nile* (1877), inhaled their exotic spirits, vapors, and aethers from "gorgeous . . . narghiles with long flexible tubes." Now, the smoking splendor of Omar the Tentmaker can be yours, thanks to the efforts of a Los Angeles firm of pipe makers who've set themselves to recreating the milieu of the Casbah itself in their fine series of commemorative ceramic pipes. The pipe above commemorates a caterpillar sitting on a mushroom, while others commemorate a truck (with plenty of room in back for a bonny, bonny, stash), a toilet bowl, a policeman with the head of a swine, and the earthly form of the remarkable Mr. Natural. Costing no less than a bullet-biting \$4 to a lordly twenty-five potatoes, the fine and distinctive pipes are available on the East Coast at Record Spectacular, 1946 Hempstead Turnpike, East Meadow, New York.



The Oriental Power to Cloud Men's Lungs

Why Chillum pipes (above) are so called, why they're the most popular pipes in Europe, why they originated in the first place (on the banks of the River Ganges, apparently), how they evolved to their present level of minimal convenience, and why they make such incredibly groovy stashes, are mysteries that pass all understanding and we haven't got the slightest idea either. Suffice it to say that to smoke a Chillum one performs a ritual twisting of wrists and wringing of fingers worse than the most improbable acrobatics in the Kama Sutra, and not half as much fun, but which, if done right, will draw enough smoke to incapacitate you properly, and that smoke will be as cool and mild as a chimney in an igloo. Extend the fore and index finger in a "V" (Churchillums?) to grasp the pipe, enclose the stem in both hands, align your mouth with the aperture formed by your thumbs, and inhale. It sounds like

a lot of work at first, but it's easy enough when you get the hang of it, and millennia of practice have made the lowly Hindu fantastically adept at it but little else. However, anything to get high, as they say on the banks of the River Ganges. The U.S. distributor is the UBC Grain Company of Elverson, Pa. 19520.



Music of the Spheres

He that hath ears to hear, let him wrap them in Hear-Muffs, the first headphones that don't make you look like a refugee from *The Naked Jungle*. Hear-Muffs embrace your head the way a cotton patch boards a boll weevil. Available in striped or solid scarlet, mustard, woad, process green, and many other shades of cotton velour or high pile acrylic, Hear-Muffs deliver the rich, full sounds of stereo, tapes, and even concert quad with cushy fidelity. Hear-Muffs cradle your recumbent cranium with form-fitting ease and collect valuable deposits of greasy kid stuff (that's why they're washable). Like regular earphones, they adjust to any size of head, and can even be squeezed tightly together to form a fantastic stash. Ideal for falling on your head! For information, write to Hear-Muffs, 513 Rogers Street, Downers Grove, Illinois 60515, or call (312) 852-7330. Downers Grove?



Test Yourself — Arrest Yourself

One of the better narcotics testing kits on the market is the Masterkit, manufactured by Western Scientific Products of North Hollywood, California. For only \$39.95, you get a handsome green chemistry set with all the chemicals and instructions you need to test cocaine, procaine, marijuana, hashish, LSD, STP, amphetamines, opiates, and barbiturates. There's a test for strychnine that finally surpasses the tried and true "swallow and see" method, and the enclosed instruction manual which even you can understand provides antidotes for many charming old world poisons. Serious dealers should carry the "little green bag" whenever they make house calls (and if you empty out all the chemicals, you'll have a *fabulous* stash).

If you can't get hip to these kinds of kicks, you can always retreat to an elegant foulard, cravat, or neckerchief for a gift of lasting value (for the Great Gatsby on your block, make it a bowtie!). You never know when you'll have a funeral or a job interview or a grand jury interrogation to go to, and besides, it makes a swell stash. ☐

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Trans-High Market Quotations



The prices listed are the latest available, but do not necessarily reflect average prices, only particular prices as reported to us. If you believe prices to be inaccurate, or have any pertinent information that will help us update these listings, we encourage you to send them to us. HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. ☐

NEW YORK—PHILADELPHIA —BOSTON—BALTIMORE— WASHINGTON, D.C.—

Regular Mexican \$15-30/oz. ... \$100-200/lb. ... Jalisco Mexican \$25/oz. ... \$250-350/lb. ... Guerrero Mexican \$250-300/lb. ... Mexican Purple \$35-45 oz. ... \$450/lb. ... Sensemilla Mexican (lime green) \$70-80/oz. ... \$850-1000/lb. ... Commercial Jamaican \$20-30 oz. ... \$135-225/lb. ... Red Jamaican \$30-40/oz. ... \$250-400/lb. ... Gold Jamaican \$30-50/oz. ... \$300-500/lb. ... Commercial Colombian (earthy) \$30-45/oz. ... \$250-350/lb. ... Colombian Green \$35-50/oz. ... \$275-400/lb. ... Santa Marta Gold Colombian (in cylinders or wheels, crumbly) \$40-70/oz. ... \$350-500/lb. ... Wacky Weed (unavailable) ... Panamanian (exquisite taste) \$45-75/oz. ... Thai Sticks (medium grade) \$200/oz. ... \$2500-3000/lb. ... Hawaiian Maui-Wowee \$125-150/oz. ... \$1000-2000/lb. ... \$650/lb. (quantities of 50 or more) ... Moroccan (green and crumbly) \$85-120/oz. ... \$800-1200/lb. ... Colombian hash (brown, lots of pollen, tasty) \$80-120/oz. ... \$1000-1300/lb. ... Afghani (black and fresh, originally in patties) \$100-150/oz. ... \$1400-1700/lb. ... Red Lebanese Hash Oil \$20-40/gm. ... \$400-500/oz. ... \$5000-6000/lb. ... Red Lebanese Hash \$90-130/oz. ... \$1200-1400/lb. ... THC (PCP) \$1.50-2.50/hit ... LSD (blotter predominant) \$1.50-3/hit

(scarce) ... Cocaine (getting more difficult to obtain quality) \$50-100/gm ... \$1200-2000/oz. ... \$17,000-25,000/lb. ... Psilocybin Mushrooms \$30-40/oz. ... \$350-400/lb. ... (many are still just acid soaked) ... Quaaludes (714 and bootlegs) \$1.50-3.50/piece ... 75 cents-\$2.00/batches over 1000 ... Speed (small white crossroads and diet pills) \$.50-1/piece.

AUSTIN-DALLAS-HOUSTON —ALBUQUERQUE— SAN FRANCISCO— PHOENIX—EL PASO —SANTA FE—SAN DIEGO—

Regular Mexican \$10-20/oz. ... \$75-140/lb. ... \$50,000-80,000/ton ... Mexican top grade \$15-25/oz. ... \$120-180/lb. ... Colombian (connoisseur scarce) \$25-35/oz. ... \$130-200/lb. ... Domestic (some of the best available) \$20-45/oz. ... Thai Sticks \$5-20/stick ... Virtually no hash ... Peyote \$.25-.30/button ... Mushrooms (plentiful and fresh) \$15/lb. ... Cocaine \$55-75/gm. ... \$1200-1500/oz. ... speed (crystal) \$25-40/one quarter teaspoon ... \$350-450/oz. ... (white crosses) \$20/100 hits.

NASHVILLE-MOBILE— CHARLESTON—MEMPHIS— RALEIGH—JOHNSON CITY—

Regular Mexican \$15-25/oz. ... \$145-200/lb. ... Commercial Jamaican \$20-30/oz. ... \$150-215/lb. ... Lowland Colombian \$20-35/oz. ... \$245-375/lb. ... Colombian connoisseur \$40-80/oz. ... \$350-650/lb. ... Black African (scarce, but worth looking for) \$40-50/oz. ... \$375-450/lb. ... domestic (including Kentucky Blue, a real treat) \$15-20/oz. ... \$130-175/lb. ... hash (mediocre varieties) \$85-100/oz. ... hash oil \$20-25/gm. ... quaaludes and sopors \$1.50-2.50/piece ... \$100-150/100 ... mesca-

line and windowpane acid \$2-\$3/piece ... LSD (blotter, microdot and orange barrel) \$2.50-\$3/piece ... Cocaine \$50-100/gm. ... \$1300-1600/oz. ... mushrooms \$20/oz. ... \$250/lb. ... Moonshine \$4-6/qt.

ATLANTA—MIAMI— TAMPA—GAINESVILLE— NEW ORLEANS—

Gainesville Green \$10-20/oz. ... \$150-200/lb. ... Regular Mexican \$15-25/oz. ... \$100-160/lb. ... Colombian (shortage) \$25-40/oz. ... \$200-350/lb. ... no Colombian Connoisseur or Wacky ... Jamaican (currently better than Colombian) \$20-35/oz. ... \$170-225/lb. ... Cocaine \$45-75/gm. ... \$1000-1400/oz. ... LSD (4-way windowpane, pure) \$90/100 hits ... MDA \$35/gm. (about 15 hits).

SAN FRANCISCO— BERKELEY—LOS ANGELES— DENVER—BOULDER—

Regular Mexican \$15-25/oz. ... \$90-150/lb. ... Mexican top grade (border crackdown creating shortages) \$20-35/oz. ... \$125-350/lb. ... Colombian very scarce, especially for connoisseur ... Thai sticks \$130-175/oz. ... \$1750-2300/lb. ... Broken Thai sticks \$1500/lb. ... Hawaiian (fruity) \$130-160/oz. ... \$1500-1850/lb. ... \$30,000/50 lbs. ... Christmas Special (Hawaiian Tidal Wave) \$2000-2200/lb. ... Home-grown Big Sur (varied quality) \$15-35/oz. ... \$150-300/lb. ... Nepalese Temple Balls (slightly stale) \$110-150/oz. ... \$1500-1750/lb. ... Chinese hash (rare) \$250/oz. ... cocaine (abundant, wide range of prices) ... psilocybin (rip-off: almost exclusively LSD at street level and more expensive) ... LSD (all flavors and types) \$.50-2/hit ... pot-pourri of other highs to be found.

EUGENE—PORTLAND— SEATTLE—BUTTE— CHEYENNE—FARGO—

Regular Mexican \$25-30/oz. ... \$125-200/lb. ... top-shelf Mexican \$30-50/oz. ... \$200-400/lb. (scarce) ... brown earthy Colombian \$35-50/oz. ... \$300-500/lb. (moderately available in certain circles) ... Moroccan hash \$800-1000/lb. ... \$75-100/oz. ... hash oil (readily obtainable in Oregon) \$20/gm and up, depending on quality ... mushrooms (Seattle) \$100-200/lb. ... reds, quaaludes, and speed widespread.

MISCELLANEOUS

Alaska: Tex-Mex \$300/lb. ... \$50/oz. ... locally grown, \$20/oz. ... primo Matanuska Valley thunderfuck, \$500/lb. ... \$70/oz. ... Puerto Rico & Virgin Islands: Colombian and Jamaican plentiful, \$300-400/lb. ... \$20-40/oz.

AMSTERDAM

Commercial Mexican \$350-550/kilo ... Mexican (prime) \$500-650/kilo ... Lebanese and Moroccan (similar in quality, light colors) \$1/gm. ... \$20-25/oz. ... \$650-800/kilo ... Citro Hash (tasty) \$30/oz. ... \$900-1000/kilo ... Kandahari Afghani (rare) \$50-60/oz. ... coke (holding steady) \$60-100/gm.

BANGKOK

Lowland grass \$5/lb. ... Thai sticks \$.08/stick ... \$10/lb. ... Burmese Shan opium \$70/lb.

BEIRUT

Hash in short supply, as army is everywhere. Red Lebanese \$2-3/oz. ... \$30/lb. ... blonde Lebanese \$2/oz. ... \$15-25/lb, less in quantity ... hard green Lebanese \$10/lb. ... the best red Lebanese \$30/lb and up, if obtainable.

**Trans-High Commodity Average
Price Index for Winter '75
THC Average: 274.3**

Trans-High Market Quotations

BOMBAY (prices rising)

Uttar Pradesh hash (for export) \$120-275/kilo (depending on size of lots) ... Primo Afghani \$9-14/oz. ... \$275-300/kilo ... Bombay Black (an opiated delight) \$3/10 gm. ... \$225-275/kilo ... Bengal grass \$4/tola (10.7 gms.) ... opium (from surrounding countryside or Madras) 12 cents/tray (6 pipefuls) ... \$150/kilo ... \$1280/10 kilos.

CALCUTTA

Brown hash \$40-100/secr (880 gms.) ... Primo Afghani (extremely good, but scarce) \$300-325/kilo ... opium (herring sized for eating) \$.25/tray ... \$.60-.70/4-6 hit chunk ... Gooa opium \$100/kilo ... Cocaine (German manufactured, not that good) \$3-\$10/gm.

COPENHAGEN

Moroccan \$1-2/gm. ... \$25-35/oz. ... Nepalese \$2-3/gm. ... \$35-50/oz.

CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

Thai grass \$25/oz ... \$200/300/lb (hard to get) ... lavender Thai \$500/lb ... Nepalese hash \$1000/lb ... LSD \$5/hit ... mushrooms \$1/apiece.

HONG KONG

Thai grass \$50-150/oz. ... \$600-900/lb. ... Vietnamese grass (getting scarcer with less foreign troops in area) \$60/oz. ... \$500-600/lb.

ISTANBUL

Opium \$60/lb ... Greek refined Turkish heroin \$750/lb in quantity ... Turkish hashish \$25/lb ... cannabis indica \$1/lb.

JOHANNESBURG (paranoid scene, large fluctuations, add price and subtract quality for Capetown)

Commercial (good quality, exact source unknown) \$2-8/arm (one to two oz.) ... \$130-250/kilo ... Durban Poison sticks (top grade) \$4.50-14/bundle of 20 (lid-size) ... \$100-200/lb. (very difficult to score) ... Afghani (rare, but beautiful) \$55-75/oz. ... \$750-950/lb. ... cocaine (almost unobtainable but getting easier) \$45-70/gm. ... LSD (very poor) \$7-10/hit.

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

(Mazar-i-Sharif, major manufacturing center, bottlenecked by police, exports way down) ... hash from Herat and Kabul \$30-35/kilo (Kabul manufacturers have been cutting some with water) ... Kandahar hash \$25-30/kilo.

KATMANDU NEPAL

Indian Grass \$.75/tola ... \$55-65/lb. ... local commercial hash \$2/tola ... \$150-200/kilo ... local primo hash \$250/kilo ... no cocaine.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA

Regular jam \$35/lb ... lambsbread \$60/lb ... coli \$40/lb ... wild bushy \$20/lb or less ... St. Anne's \$30/lb ... local oil \$30/oz ... Peruvian coke \$25/gm ... rum \$1.25/qt.

LONDON

Moroccan hash \$35-60/oz. ... \$450-700/lb. (and rising) ... Commercial Colombian grass \$35-45/oz. ... \$450-600/lb. ... Red or Gold Colombian \$50-100/oz. ... pounds unstable ... African Green Grass (smells like home-grown, but potent) \$40-50/oz. ... \$500-600/lb. ... cocaine (poor to mediocre) \$45-100/gm. ... better quality coke \$100-125/gm. ... Mandrax \$.50-1/piece.

MARRAKECH

Rif Mountain hashish \$150/kilo ... kif \$50/kilo ... Atlas Mountains hash \$25/lb ... all pollen hashish \$100/lb on order ... garbage \$25/lb.

MAZATLAN

Culiacan regular \$10/lb (second cut) ... \$15/lb (first cut) ... Zacatecas purple \$25-20/lb ... regular \$10/lb ... Guadalajara green \$10/lb for mundane, \$20/lb for superb colas ... Oaxacan blue \$25/lb and up ... Guerrero mountain grown \$40/lb (scarce, Army heat) ... Michoacan \$25/lb (scarce and not always good) ... Yucatan yellow \$70/lb ... quaaludes \$.10/apiece ... brown heroin (locally refined) \$3000/lb ... opium \$50/oz ... Colombian rock cocaine \$7000/lb ... Oaxacan or Mazatlan magic mushrooms \$20/lb.

MELBOURNE

Local joey grass \$10/oz ... \$75/lb ... (good stuff) ... Vietnamese \$200/lb ... Nepalese hash \$900/lb ... opiated Kashmir and Bombay hash \$600-800/lb ... cocaine \$2000/oz (scarce indeed) ... LSD \$5/hit and up.

MONTREAL

Moroccan hash \$750-900/lb ... Lebanese red \$1000-1200/lb ... Mexican \$200/lb ... Colombian \$250-350/lb ... Mandrax \$1.50-3.00/hit ... Afghani \$1700/lb ... LSD \$100/per 100 ... cocaine \$1800/oz.

MOSCOW

Uzbekistan hash \$750/lb ... Tashkent \$600/lb ... Nepalese \$2000/lb ... local grass \$300-400/lb ... Siberian albino \$500/lb and up ... Czech blotter acid \$10/hit ... sugar-cube LSD \$8/hit.

RAWALPINDI, PAKISTAN

Kashmiri hash extinct ... Almost nothing. Gold seal hashish (when available) \$20/lb ... green and crumbly \$10/lb ... bhang \$.02/glass ... opium (egg shaped lumps) \$2.25/oz.

ROME

Lebanese hash \$50-70/oz ... Afghani \$120/oz ... Turkish \$50/oz ... Moroccan \$50/oz ... African grass \$60/oz ... LSD \$2/hit ... speed and smack available.

SAIGON

Central highlands grass scarce \$25/lb ... ordinary grass \$10/lb ... pure heroin \$1500/lb ... Mekong mauier \$15/lb ... Burmese opium (unavailable).

TEL AVIV

Dope very scarce. Local grass \$20/oz ... Lebanese hash (excellent) \$600/lb ... Mandrax \$3/apiece ... LSD \$4/hit.

VANCOUVER

Mexican regulars \$25-35/oz ... \$175-250/lb ... Colombian \$40-60/oz ... \$375-450/lb ... Moroccan hash \$75/oz ... \$800/lb ... green Paki (crumbly) \$65/oz ... cocaine \$100/gm for reasonably pure ... local magic mushrooms \$10/oz ... \$150-250/lb ... LSD (windowpane) \$2.50/hit.

VIENNA

Moroccan hash \$75/oz ... \$600-800/lb ... Turkish \$60/oz ... LSD \$5/hit ... Mandrax \$5/piece.

• • •

The Trans-High Market Quotations are intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way are meant as an inducement to illegal activity, nor as an endorsement of any drug or drug usage or trafficking. ☐

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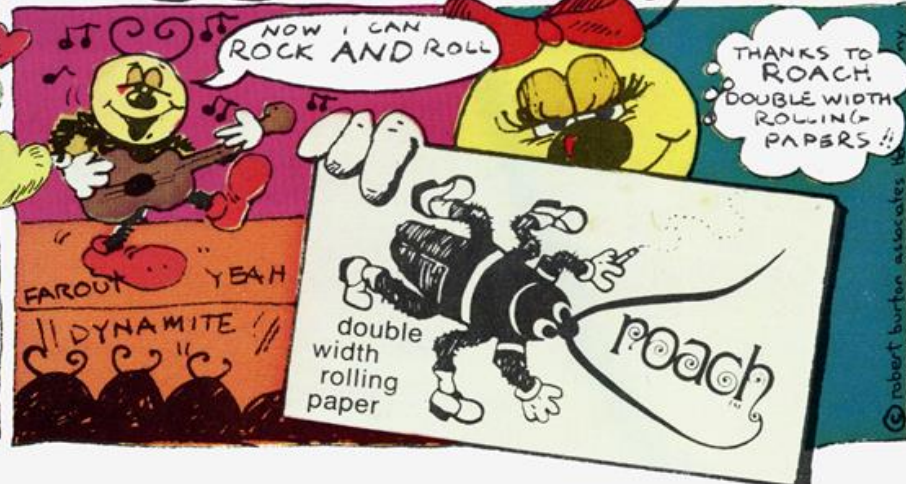
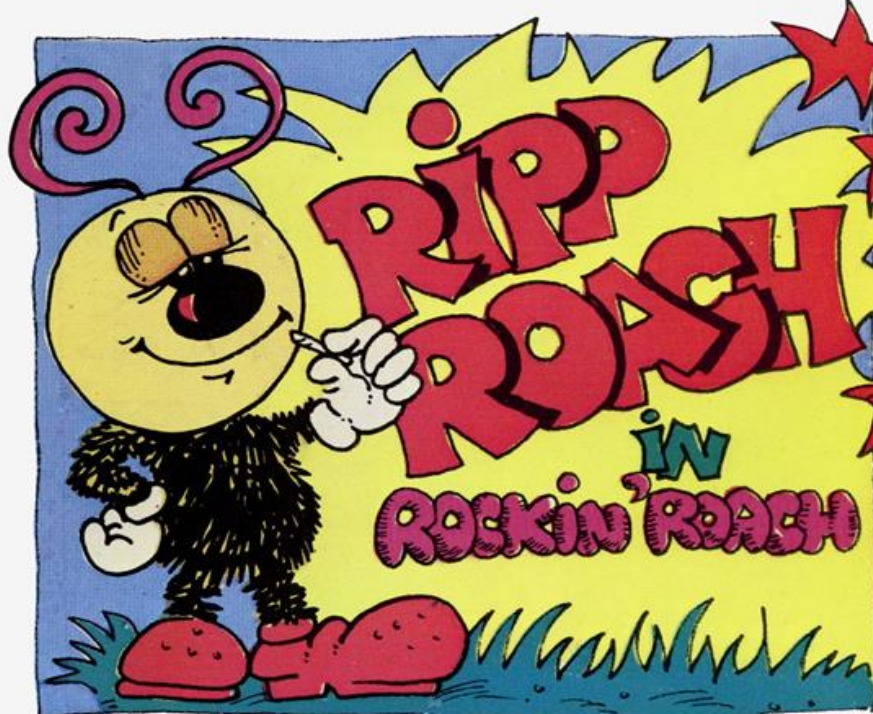
Gentle Persons,
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